

THE
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CONTENTS :—OCTOBER, 1866.

	PAGE
I. SIR HARRY VANE	259
II. THE ESSAY CONSIDERED AS TENTATIVE	288
III. MORE THOUGHTS ON SACRIFICE—BUSHNELL AND YOUNG	296
IV. RITUALISM: "WHEREWITHAL SHALL WE BE CLOTHED ?" ALTAR-LIGHTS IN DAY-TIME.....	315
V. MISSIONS—DIPLOMATIC AND DILLETANTIC	338
VI. OUR BOOK CLUB.	350

CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

I. JOAN OF ARC
II. THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.
III. "THE LIFE AND THE LIGHT."
IV. PLUMPTRE'S TRANSLATION OF "SOPHOCLES;" "MASTER AND SERVANT," ETC.
V. OUR BOOK CLUB

THE ECLECTIC, Etc.

I.

SIR HARRY VANE.*

THE name of Sir Harry Vane is better known to the greater number of English readers, probably from Cromwell's well-known ejaculation when he was dissolving the Long Parliament, than in any other association. His life has not been often written, his works have not been reprinted, and of the great statesmen of the age to which he belonged his name is perhaps the most seldom pronounced. Wordsworth has indeed included him in his famous sonnet—

Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none :
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.

Especially the lovers of true Freedom should treat reverently the name of Vane; it should be had in everlasting remembrance. No character of his times is more consistent—it was elevated by the beauty of holiness. We have no doubt that his views were far too ideal and abstract for practical statesmanship: he demanded too much from human nature, beneath the influence of other principles there was very much of the crochety-ness and impossibility of Baxter in him, but no man was more

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- *1. *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England.* By John Forster. Vol. III.
 2. *The Trial of Sir Henry Vane, Knight, at the King's Bench, Westminster.* 1662.
 3. *The Retired Man's Meditations; or the Mystery and Power of Godliness Shining Forth in the Living Word, &c., &c., &c. In which Old Light Restored and New Light Justified, Being the Witness which is given to this Age.* By Henry Vane, Knight. Sold by T. Brewster, at the Three Bibles, near the West End of St. Paul's, 1655.

elevated and unselfish in all his aims. It would be difficult to find a character so confessedly unselfish. He was in an eminent degree possessed of that virtue we denominate magnanimity; his views were great, his plans were great, and he was prepared to a corresponding self-sacrifice in order to realise and achieve them. While this was the case—while in a most true and comprehensive sense, he was a christian, and while christianity was not to him an intellectual system of barren speculative opinions—he was so unfortunate as to be only in his life a target for malignity to shoot its sharp arrows at, and since his martyrdom or murder, men like Drs. Manton and Cotton Mather, who might have been expected to treat his name with tenderness, have been among his maligners. The account of him by Baxter is in that excellent man's usual vein of narrowness and bitterness when writing of those whose opinions were adverse to his own. He is only a "fanatic democrat," almost a papist, and quite a juggler; while Hume, when he comes to touch upon his life and writings, only finds them "absolutely unintelligible" (it is not necessary to suppose that he had ever looked at or attempted to read one), "exhibiting no traces of eloquence or common sense." While Clarendon was only able to sneer at him and at his memory, as "a perfect enthusiast, and, without doubt, did believe himself inspired." Anthony Wood, as Forster says, foams at the mouth (there was much of the mad dog in that, Wood) when he even mentions him. "In sum he was the Proteus of the times, a mere hotch potch of religion, chief ring-leader of all the frantic sectarians, of a turbulent spirit, and a working brain, of a strong composition of choler and melancholy, an inventor not only of whimsies in religion, but also of crotchets in the state (as his several models testify), and composed only of treason, ingratitude, and baseness." We should be glad, would Mr. John Forster do for the memory of Sir Harry Vane what he has done for that of Sir John Elliot. From a load of calumny and misrepresentation heaped over his murdered remains, it is the duty of all who reverence the rights of conscience to relieve his name. Few of those who have ascended the scaffold for freedom deserve more fervent and affectionate regards at the hands of those they have blessed by their heroism than he. Perhaps few of the innumerable travellers who turn aside to walk through Raby Woods, or to survey the magnificent masses of Raby Castle, the great Northern Seat of the Duke of Cleveland, call to mind the fact that he is the lineal descendant of that Vane, who for maintaining precisely the opinions which gave to him a Dukedom, with all its heraldries, expiated the offensive crime by losing his head on Tower Hill. We have

been unable, with any satisfaction, to discover whether the patriot was born in Raby Castle, but the only likeness we have seen of him hangs in the recess in the beautiful drawing room there. There, no doubt, many of his days were passed; it was his patrimony and inheritance; thence he issued several of those tracts which startled, even if they did not enlighten, his contemporaries; thence especially issued his famous *Healing Question*, which so aroused the ire of Cromwell. His father, the elder Sir Harry Vane, was the first of his family who possessed Raby Castle; he does not commend himself much to any higher feelings of our nature. The mother of Vane was a Darcey, and his name mingles with some of the noblest families of England. His father was high in favour at Court; but very early it became manifest that the son, neither in the affairs of Church or State, was likely to follow the prescriptions of mere tradition and authority. At the age of fourteen or fifteen he says, on his trial, "God was pleased to lay the foundation or groundwork of repentance in me, for the bringing me home to himself by his wonderful rich and free grace, revealing his Son in me, that, by the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent, I might, even whilst here in the body, be made partaker of eternal life, in the first fruits of it." He studied at Westminster School, then at Magdalen College, Oxford, then he travelled in France and spent some time in Geneva. What was wanting to confirm the impressions he had received was given to him there; he came home to perplex and astonish his father who was simply a vain vacillating courtier only desirous to stand well with whatever might be likely to pay best. Laud took the young recusant in hand, we may believe with astonishing results; exactly what we might conceive from an interview of calm, clear reason, with that ridiculous old archprelatical absurdity. Vane sought the home and the councils of Pym. If the lawyer was not likely to help, or to deepen his purely religious convictions, at any rate, he would not interfere with them, while the touch of his political wisdom would be like a spark of purifying fire upon his mind, consuming all the false and the confusing notions, which must inevitably have sought to nestle there beneath such an influence as that his father would seek to exercise over him. He fled to America, bold in conception; with a rich, only too dreamy an imagination, perhaps little prognosticating the strange career through which England was to pass, impatient of conventionalities, sick to the soul of the divisions and heart burnings of the church, forecasting and dreading the ambition of Strafford, and the cruel, narrow resolution of the King; the wretched superstition of

Laud, rocking to and fro in his old Gothic chair of abuses, like an archimage with his dim blear eyes. It seemed natural to the young man that America should furnish him with all he needed. America was the hope of the world then. It was the sanctuary and the shrine of freedom, especially of free faith and opinion. The young dreamer reached Boston early in 1635, and was admitted to the freedom of Massachusetts on the 3rd. of March in the same year, and he became governor of Massachusetts the following year; he was but a youth in years, but the creed of his future life was remarkably brought out and illustrated in the story of his government. It was a brief period too, for he took his passage home, in August 1637. He did not, as Richard Baxter so wrongly says, steal away by night, but he stepped on board openly, with marks of honour from his friends; large concourses of people followed him to the ship with every demonstration and mark of esteem, and parting salutes were fired from the town and the castle. He, no doubt, found the dreams he had entertained when he set foot on those shores dissolve; who has not known such dreams and such dissolutions? There was little space for freedom of opinion to thrive in there; his great thought of, and faith in, universal toleration was intolerable, even to many of the noblest people of that age, and especially to the ruling minds of Massachusetts. Vane, even in those earliest years, when he was getting his harness on, was clear in his perceptions of the rights of the human soul; we do not enter here into the incidents of his government in the young colony; we do not even touch upon his conduct with reference to his vindication of Mrs. Hutchinson, a proceeding which brought him so severe a measure of reprehension then and after. We believe he was nobly right, and only in advance of his age, he, no doubt, learnt much in the period of his residence in New England, which fitted him for service on a larger and far more important field; a nobler career awaited him very shortly after his return. After a short period of retirement, during which he married Frances Wray, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray, of Ashby, in Lincolnshire, we find him elected in 1640, member for the borough of Kingston-upon-Hull, illustrious predecessor of Andrew Marvel, in the representation of that place. This step, which gave him the opportunity for a prominent use of his eminent abilities, filled the Court, the King, and his father too, with alarm, and instant steps were taken "to propitiate the possible hostility of the young and resolute statesman." He received the honour of knighthood, he was elevated to the office of treasurer of the Navy, with Sir William Russell. Again, in the same year, he was

electd member for Hull, to serve in the Long Parliament; but his own course was clear and unswerving; when the appeal to arms was made by Charles, he resigned the patent of office, but was instantly reappointed treasurer of the Navy by the parliament, and he gave a singular instance of his patriotism. The fees of his office were great in times of peace, but in time of war they became enormous; amounting to about £30,000 per annum. These vast emoluments he resigned, only stipulating that a thousand a year should be paid to a deputy. Before this he had acquired a notoriety which many have thought not enviable, as being the chief means, the most distinct witness, in proving the intended treason of Strafford; he discovered in the red velvet Cabinet those papers, the notes of a conference in which his counsels had been of such a nature, that Vane could only as a patriot reveal them to Pym. Pym upon the occasion of the great impeachment revealed them, and Vane avowed the authenticity of the revelation—it decided the fate of the Earl. It must also have been, if that were wanting, a more inevitable step to Vane too, henceforth he became a star in that firmament, and with incessant activity he committed himself to the affairs of his country. He soared indeed above party strifes, or if he served with a party, it was with that which we identify with the names of Pym and Hampden. The lower sections of political dispute he had no ear for, neither had he any ear for any of the innumerable frays of opinion in religion, with which in those days the kingdom rang from end to end; there was no life for him but in conviction; he ever lived too much aloof from those walks in which inferior minds were to be found; on his trial, he says, referring to the part he took in his mission to Edinburgh, when he assisted in framing the Solemn League and Covenant with Scotland.

Nor will I deny but that, as to the manner of the prosecution of the covenant to other ends than itself warrants, and with a rigid oppressive spirit (to bring all dissenting minds and tender consciences under one uniformity of church discipline and government), *it was utterly against my judgment.* For I always esteemed it more agreeable to the word of God, that the ends and work declared in the covenant should be promoted in a spirit of love and forbearance to differing judgments and consciences, that thereby we might be approving ourselves in doing that to others which we desire they should do to us, and so, though on different principles, be found joint and faithful advancers of the reformation contained in the covenant, both public and personal.

For a long period Vane wrought with Cromwell in seeking to bring the affairs of the Civil War to an issue. He and Cromwell wrought together the plan of the celebrated Self-denying

Ordinance, in 1644—1645 ; it decided, as our readers remember the campaign ; and, from 1649 to 1653, it has been truly said the power and ability of his executive ruled England—he was the director of those great achievements in which Blake asserted and maintained the supremacy of England on the seas—his genius devised the means by which the Dutch flag, which had waved triumphantly and insolently in defiance, suffered signal humiliation. Those were the days when Van Tromp, after having driven Blake into harbour with the loss of two sail only, although the Dutch Admiral had eighty, and the English only thirty-seven perfectly equipped ships under his command, hoisted a broom at his mast head, as if he had swept his antagonists from their own waters. Sir Henry Vane presented his estimates and demands for supplies, and he procured a resolution that £40,000 per month should be appropriated to the Arsenals and Navy Yards ; he prepared and brought in a bill—he met with singular bravery and sagacity the great national emergency ; Blake was set afloat with no less than four score ships of war, and Van Tromp was in turn driven from the English Channel. He also devised a bill for the Reform of English Representation, in its particulars exceedingly like that known as the English Reform Bill of our day, a bold and most remarkable measure, for it was the aim of this great spirit all along to secure to the country constitutional liberty : its aim was to make it impossible for a tyrant like Charles to dominate again over English freedom. Was the country prepared for any such measure ? Surely the result of a few years abundantly proved it was not ; but noble men and free pure minds are wont to estimate the average mind from their own standard—it is the error of lofty intelligences in all things. Vane was moving ever in the lofty light of the empyrean ; perhaps he knew theoretically that the heart is deceitful and that man is fallen, but he was wont to act as trusting man ; thus he gave to the political suffrages of the people immense additions by his proposed measure, it was, however, not destined to receive the endorsement of legal sanction. It has been usual to be very severe on Cromwell, but no doubt he knew the art of governing, and its depths and demands better than the pure-spirited Vane. It was probably at this period that Milton addressed to him his well-known sonnet, with the strength of which is combined also a fine discrimination of the great statesman's character, and those various marks of eminence and goodness which give to him so considerable a claim upon our admiration—

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held

The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold;
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd;
 Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage : besides to know
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done :
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

A fine ætherial abstract spirit : we see how when forced by immediate and pressing necessity he was compelled to deal with the difficulties of the hour, such as the raising £40,000 a month to fit out the fleet for Blake, to sweep the Hollanders from our seas ; he came down upon his necessities like swift lightning, astounding the House by the bold and daring methods for raising the money ; and in a similar spirit of swift and clear glancing intelligence, he recast the representation of England. It may be interesting to read the particulars of this bill, so far as we are able to find them. Mr. Forster says—

The number of representatives he fixed at 400. He recommended the abolition of the right of voting in the smallest boroughs, and proposed to throw the members into the larger counties ; to give seven members to London and the Liberties thereof ; and to give members to all the larger cities and towns in England theretofore unrepresented. He presented to them the following list of the numbers of members to which he thought the counties of England and Wales, including the cities and boroughs within them, fairly entitled ; and he left the particular distribution of members to each county, city, or borough, to the “pleasure of the house.”

Bedfordshire, and all the places within the same	6	Lincolnshire, &c.	15
Buckinghamshire, &c.	9	Lancashire, &c.	12
Berkshire, &c.	6	Middlesex, &c. (except London)	6
Cornwall, &c.	10	London and the Liberties there- of	7
Cumberland, &c.	4	Norfolk, &c.	14
Cambridgeshire, &c.	8	Northamptonshire, &c.	8
Cheshire, &c.	5	Northumberland, &c.	8
Derbyshire, &c.	5	Nottinghamshire, &c.	6
Devonshire, &c.	20	Oxfordshire, &c.	6
Dorsetshire, &c.	8	Rutlandshire, &c.	2
Durham, &c.	4	Staffordshire, &c.	6
Essex, &c.	14	Salop, &c.	8
Gloucestershire, &c.	8	Surrey, &c.	7
Hertfordshire, &c.	6	Southamptonshire, &c.	13
Herefordshire, &c.	6	Suffolk, &c.	16
Huntingdonshire, &c.	4	Somersetshire, &c.	14
Kent, &c.	18	Sussex, &c.	14
Leicestershire, &c.	6	Westmoreland, &c.	3

Wiltshire, &c.	3	Denbighshire, &c.	2
Warwickshire, &c.	7	Flintshire, &c.	1
Worcestershire, &c.	7	Glamorganshire, &c.	3
Yorkshire, &c.	24	Merionethshire, &c.	1
Angelsey, &c.	1	Monmouthshire, &c.	3
Brecknockshire, &c.	2	Montgomeryshire, &c.	2
Cardiganshire, &c.	2	Pembrokeshire, &c.	3
Carnarvonshire, &c.	1	Radnorshire, &c.	2

With respect to qualification, he suggested that the elective franchise in towns, should be exercised by all housekeepers of a certain rental, (which he left to the determination of the house), and with an earnestness rendered remarkable by events of our own day, while he pressed the necessity of extending the franchise in counties, he urged the danger of *vesting it in those tenants whose tenure of estate subjected them to perpetual control*. His plan was to give the right of voting in counties to all persons *seised in an estate of freehold* of lands, tenements, or other profits of the clear yearly value of 40s.;—all tenements in ancient demesne;—customary tenants;—and all copyholders of any estate of inheritance in possession, of the clear yearly value of 5l.;—all tenants *for life* of ancient demesne in possession, and all copyhold and customary tenants *for life* in possession of the clear yearly value of 5l.;—all tenants in actual possession *for the term of one and twenty years or more*, in being, upon any lease granted, determinable upon life or lives, of the clear yearly value of 20l. over and above the rent reserved or chargeable thereon,—and all tenants, *for the term of one and twenty years or more*, in being, in possession of the clear yearly value of 20l. over and above any rent reserved or chargeable thereon.

We are constrained to think that the moment selected for the introduction of this measure was very unpropitious. It led to the final rupture between Vane and Cromwell. Cromwell, as we know, dissolved the House, was guilty of that great crime, or conquest, which has divided the opinions of historians since, which some have called usurpation, while some have called it the illegitimate exercise of power for saving and patriotic purposes. It was then those words were uttered, "Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane." He alluded to Vane when he said, "one person might have prevented all this, but he was a juggler, and had not common honesty, the Lord had done with him, however, and chosen honester and worthier instruments for carrying on his work." How can we ever adequately estimate the misconceptions and the misunderstandings of great, good men. We believe in Vane—and we believe in Cromwell. How can the faiths be reconciled? Only in the remembrance that Vane was eminently and consistently a Republican; Cromwell never was. Mr.

Forster seems ever to forget this in his lives of the statesmen of the period. Was it not as possible for Cromwell to be true to his conception of Reformation and Government as the Republicans? Cromwell never desired the dissolution of the ancient monarchy. He would have saved Charles but the treason and faithlessness of Charles made it impossible—the King was his own destroyer. We know how the nation was split into parties. Cromwell desired to restore the nation to unity, and he took such a course as best enabled it to rise to this restoration. A few days after the so-called usurpation found Vane quietly settled in Raby Castle, and here and at Belleau, in Lincolnshire, he prosecuted those studies of learning, philosophy, and religion, or, as his biographer says, “waited patiently for the first fitting occasion for striking another stroke for THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.”

He was a restless spirit. He was restless with the restlessness of Baxter, his old foe. We see many points of resemblance between him and Baxter, in his keen metaphysics, his earnest impracticable practicalness, his incessant activity, his intense desire to see his own ideas realized, his impatience of other men's ideas. We do not charge him with the querelousness of Baxter; his mind moved in so large and healthful an orbit, that there was imparted a grand manliness to all his designs; his mind and understanding have been likened to the laboratory in a vast palace, where all his readings and speculations, the results of his experience and learning, were undergoing analysis, and falling into the proportion of symmetrical grandeur; within that palace, who looks may behold all in perfect order, peace, and consistent restfulness. We have said, the youth, who at twenty-three was Governor of Massachusetts, had arrived so early at the knowledge of, and faith in, the principles for which he contended throughout his life, and for which, in the very prime and fulness of manhood, he died a martyr's death. This has not been sufficiently noticed; hence, when from his retirement among the woods and towers of Raby, he sent out his bold impeachment of Cromwell's government, especially that piece called *A Healing Question*, in which he suggested the idea of a fundamental constitution, pleaded for what, no doubt, was regarded and, in fact, was a visionary form of organization; anticipating that which Washington, so many years after, gave to America, we are not to see a mere restless agitator, but one who, having been second to no person in the nation, possessed of the means of princely rest, with tastes the highest, and most cultivated, was ready to imperil all for his dream. We have said both of the great men have our affectionate gratitude and admiration; we quite see how it was, that while Cromwell was,

no doubt, startled in White Hall, by the apparition of the *Healing Question*, from Raby, while the fame, the high services, the eminent rank, and great genius of the writer, might cast a shade over that royal face, a sadness over that noble heart, they did not permit him to hesitate; his old friend was instantly summoned before the Council; he made his appearance directly, and, having been briefly questioned concerning his authorship of the *Healing Question*, and having refused to give a security in a bond of £5,000, to do nothing to the prejudice of the present Government and Commonwealth, he was committed prisoner to Carisbrooke Castle, the chambers of which had been so recently tenanted by the deposed and discrowned king. Why, what else could Cromwell do? That was no moment for playing off ethereal fanciful pictures of phantom republics before the eyes of the nation, it may be all very well for Mr. Forster, and writers of that school, to whine and cant about the purity of Washington, the tyranny of the usurper, and such kind of stuff, there go two facts to all this; Washington was, no doubt, very pure, but he had a whole united people with him, at the worst, there were but two parties, those who were in secrecy with the English government, and the vast united mind of the people one with themselves! but England was torn into factions innumerable, this is no moment to say into how many. Numberless little coteries of hissing snakes and slippery eels were wriggling and twisting towards desired eminence; as we have said, Cromwell never was a republican, less so now than ever. Shouts of "Usurper!" "Tyrant!" "Traitor!" "Deceiver!" from other factions. "Detestable wretch! Murderer!" were met by the calm lightning of that deep, clear, grey eye. "Very likely, gentlemen, just as you please, about all such pleasant epithets, meantime, distinctly understand that I am here somehow or other; I have some notion that I have been put here by the Eternal God, who raiseth up and casteth down. Noble natures, you will please to understand that I am ruler here to save you from clammy eels, or hissing snakes, and you, Messieurs Eels and Snakes, put yourselves into the smallest compass, if you please, or, by that Eternal God that sent me, so much the worse for you!" The poor, dear Cromwell, we can quite conceive that an infinite grief came over him, as he sent his old friend to Carisbrooke. Again, we say, what else could he have done? Vane would not promise allegiance, and Cromwell would stand no nonsense; noble, royal creatures, both; the world would be a poor world without dreamy, visionary Vanes, forecasting by their faith and holiness, and self-sacrifice, the horoscope of future ages—but we stand

by Cromwell; there are moments in the histories of nations, when the resolute hand of a statesman, not less strong than wise, not less sagacious than kind, is needed to repair the breaches, to strengthen the bulwarks, and even, the rather, to do the work of to-day, than that of to-morrow. Still, we are not eulogising Cromwell now; but we are not disposed to treat this adversity of the two great men, as if either of them were inconsistent with himself. How long he continued a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, no documents before us very distinctly specify. He certainly was there for such a period, that he was able to follow the course of his meditations through several works, which found their way into print. From thence, he published his treatise *On the Love of God and Union with God*; and, as, just then, Harrington published his famous *Oceana*, Sir Harry wrote his *Needful Corrective; or, Balance in Popular Government*. The writings of Sir Harry Vane, like many of those of his illustrious cotemporaries, lie now, forgotten and unreprinted. That with which his name is especially connected, is the one to which we have referred at the head of this article, *The Retired Man’s Meditations*. In the intolerant spirit of the age in which he lived, and in which he had so little part, this work was sometimes called “a wicked book.” “A piece of Mystical Divinity;” Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, expresses himself thus of it, citing the opinions of no less a person than Dr. Manton. We must express wonder ourselves, that it is not better known, but it belongs to an order of books of that period very little known. How many of our readers are acquainted with the writings of Peter Sterry, Cromwell’s chaplain? His *Rise, Race, and Royalty, of the Children of God*, or his *Freedom of the Will*? How many are acquainted with Everard’s *Gospel Treasury*? Or, with the *Evangelical Essays* of George Sykes, Vane’s close and intimate friend and biographer? It is to this order of books we must assign *The Retired Man’s Meditations*. It seems, although its preface is dated from Belleau, to have been written at Raby; where he spent the first and most peaceful portion of his time, after Cromwell’s assumption of power; and it was probably, what its title purports, *A Retired Man’s Meditations*. We purpose in some few words to vindicate the book from Hume’s sneer of being “absolutely unintelligible, without any trace of eloquence or common sense.” We do not believe Hume ever attempted to read the book. Hume’s method of writing his history and arriving at his conclusions is now very well known. Lord Clarendon, more bitter in his hatred of Vane, as is most natural, than Hume, after all his depreciating malignity, expressed the ground of

the truth when he said, "the subject-matter of Vane's writing is of so delicate a nature that it requires another kind of preparation of mind, and it may be another kind of diet than men are ordinarily supplied with." No doubt the book is mystical; few of the writers we prize of that period were not mystical. What more mystical than the *Pilgrim's Progress*? We do not find *The Retired Man's Meditations* more mystical than *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*. Some years since, a very able and interesting paper appeared in the *Westminster Review*, suggesting some points of analogy between Vane and Bunyan.* The testimony from such a quarter is most remarkable, and as few of our readers probably have seen it, we may be permitted to quote it; after remarking on unwritten poetry, the writer says,

But in such spirits all those thoughts do not so sleep. On the contrary, though they come not revealed to the world of man, linked either to epic or lyric song, their rest is rather like that of the worm that dieth not. While at times they assume the forms of angels of light, and point out to such men as the fervent and enthusiastic Vane a reign of everlasting peace and justice, purity and happiness, even on earth; they 'bite and gnaw' such a man as Bunyan, 'like a burning worm'—or, more vehement still, to use his own 'words that burn,'—'thoughts like masterless hell-hounds, roar and bellow, and make an hideous noise within him.' The rapture of such men's minds could find no parallel earth; even as the gloom was bodied forth but in the hell of Dante and of Milton. Such men were not born to share the tame trite medium of duller and feebler spirits. They seemed now to be bathed in everlasting floods of celestial light,—and anon they walked in the valley of the shadow of death, and their souls seemed overwhelmed in the blackness of darkness for ever.

It was in vain for the spirits of such men to seek consolation and sympathy among the creatures of clay by which they were surrounded. Numa sought them in the communings of his own heart in Egeria's solitary grotto,—Mahomet and Cromwell in the dust of battle, and scorn for the race of mankind they cozened and swayed,—Vane in the theological hallucinations of his acute and extraordinary mind—and Bunyan, when he sought for them from his fellow-man by telling him he was afraid he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, received such return as the imaginative and devil-haunted tinker of Elstow might have expected from his God-fearing but unimaginative friend. His comforter replied, 'he thought so too.' Bunyan, however, very sensibly consoled himself with the reflection 'that this friend of his, though a good man, was a stranger to much combat with the devil.'

In the age of Vane and Bunyan, the imaginings of all the fervent

* *The Westminster Review*, Vol. XVII., 1832, Article "Vane and Bunyan."

and imaginative minds took the religious colouring of the age. Vane's whole career was one unending strife, not only with the spiritual, but with what he considered the temporal enemy of mankind. Bunyan's struggles were confined to the spiritual. Their religious phantasy haunted them both to the last and to both it turned out—although in its progress to Bunyan at least it had been a source of great mental agony—a firm hope, an enduring consolation. It cheered Bunyan in prison and in poverty; and it enabled Vane in prison and on the scaffold to display a composure and a dignity which have seldom been surpassed by man.

* * * * *

Hume the historian has been pleased to characterize the theological writings of Sir Henry Vane as "absolutely unintelligible;" but he has not been pleased to inform us whether he had read them or not. After the brief analysis which we mean to give of some of them, the reader will probably agree with us in thinking that he had not. To pass an opinion upon a production which he had not read, is perfectly consistent with the character of Hume as a writer, and is what we should be led to expect both from his indolence and his dishonesty. It would be thoroughly of a piece with his effrontery in passing a judgment upon some of the writings of Aristotle, after perusing the "titles of the chapters."

We readily admit that much of Vane's religious writings is to us unintelligible; but we deny that that is the fault of the writer. It is our fault to whom the subjects of which Vane treats, and his mode of treating them, are not familiar; nor will this appear at all paradoxical to those who understand how difficult it is, even on common subjects, to make the train of any one man's ideas exactly coincide with that of any other man's. It is also in some measure the fault of the subjects themselves, which we defy any man to write clearly or intelligibly upon. Yet we affirm, that in the attempt which we have considered it a duty due to a great and injured name to make, to read the above work, we have, in the midst of much that to us certainly appeared utter darkness, constantly encountered flashes of that bright genius, of that powerful, penetrating, and sagacious mind, which was so much admired in the orator and the statesman. Whether it be true, as Hume affirms, that no traces of eloquence, or even of common-sense, appear in these writings, the reader shall judge for himself.

Turning to our own edition of *The Retired Man's Meditations*, we also propose that the reader shall, by some few extracts, judge for himself. The purpose of the book is to set forth the great statesman's view of what the Incarnation effected, and it is surely very interesting to see so vast and able and industrious a mind exercising itself in realizing by the pen its conceptions of the place of man in relation to the universe, to God and to Christ. We have said it is mystical, flashings and effulgences shoot to and fro athwart the pages from beyond the world of sense;

admubrations and voices. The author apologises to the reader for the roughness of the language, but to our apprehension, there is a stateliness, a majesty about it which even frequently puts us in mind of the seraphic movement of the pinions of Howe; like those, with whom we have no doubt he converted, Sykes, Everard, and Sterry—his entrance into the mystical and and dark prophecies is characteristic of the school. We may leave these, for space only permits us to give a few illustrations rather of the style than the structure of arguments of the book. The following pages seem to us very fine:—

CONCERNING ANGELS.

These in their creation are described by the light which God made on the first day, *Gen. i. 34*, when *he said let there be light, and there was light; and God saw the light that it was good*: approving this first work of his hands in the beginning of that day: and God by his *dividing the light from the darkness*, signified the heavenliness of their frame and constitution, as they stand exalted and separate in their beings from all sensual life, in the form of invisible spirits, whereof the material heavens in their creation are the first shadow; which are called, *Prov. viii. 26*, *the highest part of the dust of the world*; as *David* also (giving account of both their creations together) *Psal. civ. ver. 2, 3, 4*; *faith, who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariots, who walketh upon the wings of the wind: who maketh his Angels spirits, and his Ministers a flaming fire*: in which posture and preparation, the Psalmist describes the Word as he proceeds to the rest of the creation, *ver. 5, 6, &c.* intimating, that as man in his bodily state was made *dust of the ground*, so the *Angels were made a flame of fire*, in their natural constitution.

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As thus they are this heavenly building, they are the first heavens, the Tabernacle and clouds of heaven, or the air, for the day-break and glorious sun of God's first appearance, to *run his race and finish his course in*; whereby to enlighten the ends of the earth, and all things under heaven. These sons of this morning are the first light-bearers to the Inhabitants of the first world, and therein are covering Cherubs unto the Son in his own proper glory; and that they may be enabled to bear light, or the similitude of Christ in his first appearance unto others, they are first the receivers of that light in themselves, in a spirituality of being and form, fitted and suited thereunto, which accommodates them with the exercise of senses merely spiritual and inward, exceeding high, intuitive and comprehensive: a manner of life, shadowing out the divine life in the name of the Father, *whose voice is not heard at any time, nor shape seen*, but is like a consuming fire, to burn up and slay whatever natural Organ is conversant about it, or stands before the beams and rays of its most pure and invisible glory.

In a shadowy imitation of this, the angelical spirits, when they come forth in the nakedness of their own invisible substance, and glory of their own being, they are flames of fire, consuming and dissolving all objects of outward sense, to the very disenabling as to the exercise of all such life of sense, any living creatures whose life consists therein; whereof the whole fabric of this visible world, in all the parts of it, which is reserved to be destroyed by the flames of this fire, will be a most undeniable demonstration: and death itself is a daily witness hereof in every man; who no sooner is deprived of the exercise of his bodily life, and departs this world, but is brought into a state of life, wherein he is an *equal and associate to Angels*, good or bad; *for in the world to come, they neither marry nor are given in marriage*, saith our Saviour, *but are equal with the Angels*.

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The Angels then, in their receivings of light and life from Christ, have for object, the brightness of God's first appearance, shining forth through him, as the root of all natural perfection, and so are hearers and receivers of this voice of God's Word, in the best and highest capacity of any particular natural beings whatsoever. And as their natural capacities are high and vast in their receivings from Christ; so their readiness and exactness in conforming themselves to the will of Christ, is unimaginable; and their power to execute is most strong and mighty, nothing under Christ being able to resist them, or stand out against them in their ministry, that is according to the will of Christ. And as thus considered, they are those that in the hand of Christ, are made use of to bear the light or image of God's first appearance unto all the inhabitants of the first creation; so as not only man himself is made lower than they, but with the whole world is put into subjection to them and their ministry, as we have before expressed.

He expresses very much the sentiment delighted in by the mystical school represented by Everard, in the following:—

CHRIST, THE WORD OF GOD.

The scriptures then are not properly the inward and living Word, but have a testimony and expression peculiarly their own, *John v. 39. search the Scriptures, they are they which testify of me*, saith Christ; in which Testimony of theirs, they are even as a servant and *preparer of the way* unto the living Word, as those that literally testify of it, pointing at Christ, the life and spirit of them; or else they are to be considered as one and the same with the living Word, in perfect analogie and harmony (both consorting and dwelling together in an inseparable band of union) unveiling rather the naked beauty of the inward Word, then bearing any different sense from it: professing themselves to be but as a *dead letter or sealed book*, *Isa. xxix. 11.*, any farther than the living unwritten Word of God, as breathing unto them, becomes their life, and is made use of as the key to open them; so that both together

make up one and the same Divine oracle; whereas if consideration be had of the Scriptures in the letter only, they are then capable of having a mere *private interpretation* and humane sense put upon them, and so to nourish up a way of prophecying that hath its rise out of the *divination of man's own heart*, or the single ability of the natural mind, exercised in them; which is so far from being the true ministry, that it is but *the vision of God that proceeds from man as he follows his own spirit* and not God's, *Ezek. xiii. 2, 3, &c.*

Now, if the body of the Scriptures deserve the name (as they do) of the word of God, their spirit and Original deserves it much more, and is much more eminently of authority and use, for the effecting of all that is or can be done by them; even the *Word that is nigh thee, that is in thy heart, and in thy mouth, the Word of faith*, Rom. x. 8. the unseen and unwritten Word which evidences itself to *faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things unseen*, Heb. xi. 1.

Again, the following passage vindicates the elevated clearness of his views concerning Christ; and we do not regret the length of the quotation, feeling sure that while these majestic passages are probably unknown to our readers, there is little probability of their being better known:—

THE HEADSHIP OF CHRIST.

Thus is Christ *the son of man in heaven*, before he descended and was made flesh: and in this heavenly state of his manhood doth not actually exercise his human life, but his life is the same with the life of the word, all whose actions are imputed unto him, as *Abraham's* were to *Levi*, who is said to have paid Tythes unto *Melchisedec* in his father's loyns; so Jesus Christ may be said to comprehend in him and the actings of his mind, the particular forms and life of all in both worlds, to be manifested and brought forth in their proper seasons, into their visible appearances in the worlds by him, and *at his pleasure for whom they are and were created*. And when we say that the particular life and form of every creature is thus comprehended in the heavenly manhood of Christ, the meaning is, either immediately or mediately. For he that is thus before all things, is not created alone: but in and with this head, they *all consist or stand up together*, as in their head: capable to exist in themselves in their heavenly and invisible part, at the pleasure of their head, before they be brought forth into their mortal and visible frame and fashion in this world. In which sense, *all of them are Christ's offspring and seed, known to him by name*, whether such of them as are *given to him by the Father* to be trained and brought up by him, as children of the second, *new and everlasting covenant*, or those of the first: whether they be inhabitants of *Mount Sion, or Mount Sinai*; of the *heavenly City that is above*, or of the earthly and fleshly Jerusalem, whether they be men, or Angels, they are all his off-spring, in one of these two respects, and are to receive their natural or spiritual perfection from him, as he is

the minister of God's name, in his first or second appearance unto them: whence it is that Christ saith to his Father, *Heb. 2, 13, Behold me and the children which thou hast given me*, in distinction from the rest of the world; the former of these are the heavenly, spiritual seed, and from above, measured out with a line of life as adopted children and friends of God: the latter are the earthly or fleshly seed, and from beneath, measured out with a line of death as chusing the state of a servant, or to remain single and alone in their natural principles, *enemies to the cross of Christ*, and resisters of the grace whereby the other are saved.

All these by name are created, and have their invisible, immortal substances brought forth by the WORD, as his offspring, made to stand up together in and with the man Jesus Christ at their head, and are committed to the charge of the Mediator, to assign unto them all circumstances, for their being brought forth to their visible bodily appearances in this world, together with the means and method of bringing them upon the stage of this first creation, and the lot there, wherein they are to stand and serve in their several places, uses and relations, according as he hath received command from the Father.

So that from the time that the man Christ Jesus began to be in the WORD, as in his head and root, standing up in the sight and presence thereof, as the promised seed to come, we are to date the beginning of dayes unto the invisible substances of Angels and Men; who then also began to be in their head, and were ever beholding or rather beheld by their Father in heaven, until they were made actually to exist in continuance of time, in their own proper persons and beings.

And, not to quote further, the following passage might surely vindicate the book from being, in Hume's language, "absolutely unintelligible, and destitute of knowledge and common sense;" at the same time it does illustrate how prone Vane's mind was to find shadowy meanings, or to seek behind the veils of words for the roots of things. The writings of Jacob Bohmen were at that time beginning to excite wondering attention in all classes. King Charles had read them with wonder, and the traces of their influence are to be found in innumerable writers of the time. It was hardly likely that Vane would escape their mystical infection:—

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL.

What God herein required from man, was signified unto him by *the tree of knowledge of good and evil*, and the prohibition accompanying the same, which was, *not to eat of the fruit of that tree*.

In this *tree of knowledge of good and evil* man had the sight of himself in the exercise of his natural life and operations appertaining unto him as he *became a living soul*; in the well or evil use whereof he might arrive unto the experience of the supream good held forth to him as

the end of his creation, the endless life that was to follow; or else he might come by the forfeiture of the present good he enjoyed, to know the evil of a much worse condition than at first he had: for the avoiding of which, and to continue in a posture meet to receive the other, God required him in the state of innocency to abide in a waiting frame of spirit, as a *sojourner and stranger* in the midst of his present enjoyments in the earthly Paradise, that so through his patient forbearance from taking up his Rest, or terminating his delight in seen things, he might preserve in himself an unengaged, unprejudiced spirit to what was yet behind of the counsel of God to be communicated to him, as to a more excellent attainment and inheritance to be exhibited to him in the light of the approaching day of the Lord, the beamings forth whereof, as considered in type, were already present.

In so large a book it cannot be supposed the writer would manage to move with entire freedom from his own hobbies: the illusions of the Fifth Monarchy man, of the Republican, of the thousand years' reign of Christ, hover over the book, and where so much is unquestionably noble, they will seem rather like the infirmities of a noble mind. It will be enough to imbibe the majesty, and to leave unnoticed what is probably to all readers, at best, but a glorious sea of mist. But, in such passages as the following, there is a pith of meaning and common sense which shews the intention of the whole:—

THE SOUL.

This life, which the soul leads and manages by actuating and informing the senses, and serving herself of them, is that whereby the report of things from without is let in upon man's reason, which is for the most part so prevalent, as if the soul were absolutely and entirely dependent upon and necessitated unto the use of the senses, in respect whereof some have thought very groundlessly, that it hath either slept or ceased to be, upon the laying down of the body. By this first exercise of a living soul in man, is figured out the witness of the Son.

THE MEDIATOR.

Thus, in the face of the Mediator, doth God behold his works, as they are finished, to his full liking and approbation: looking upon all things in Christ, a though a *propitiatory head-covering, and true mercy-seat*, wherein he is ever rejoicing over them, and well-pleased with them.

We have dwelt thus at length, feeling ourselves desirous of the little measure of honour in rescuing from the dust of deserted bookshelves, and bringing before the notice of our readers a book, which for a long time it was the fashion to affect to despise, and which, we suppose, within the last hundred years, has had but very few readers.

Cromwell died on the anniversary day of his great battles of Worcester and Dunbar, September 3rd, 1658. Richard Cromwell, as we know, attempted that which, whatever might have been his personal excellence, was utterly impossible to his placid and unstatesmanlike genius: the government of the country in the hour when every breaker and billow of the political ocean was breaking upon its shores. Of course, we are not in this place prepared to discuss at any length the causes of his memorable failure, only so far as the circumstances are related to the subject of our paper. Vane naturally emerged instantly from his retirement, and became an object of terror, certainly of alarm, to the new Protector; for Vane carried with him an amazing popularity and consideration with many great parties of the nation, especially of that strong, but humbled, republican party; the members of which, now that the strong warrior-prince was dead, were mustering together from their country, seats and places of exile. Vane offered himself as candidate for his old Borough of Kingston-upon-Hull, for which place he indeed claimed to be considered as the lawful representative, as neither he nor his party acknowledged the dissolution of the Long Parliament, although compelled to submit to it; and he was returned by a majority of votes, but the Cromwell party gave the certificate of his election to another. He then proceeded to Bristol, and with exactly the same results. He then stood for Whitechurch, in Hampshire, and for this place he secured his return, and was now able to occupy the place the Cromwell party had so much dreaded in the House of Commons. This is the circumstance to which Baxter ungenerously alludes when he speaks of him as "the rejected of three Boroughs," which, however, was not the case. As we read the story of that brief and mournful struggle, whatever admiration we may give to the magnanimity of Vane and his coadjutors, we are unable to spare much sympathy. We become impatient and exasperated while we behold those heroic and splendid strugglers, men of large capacity, of immense faith in their principles, pouring about their oratory, declamation, and invective; spinning their clever tactics for displacing Richard Cromwell, and rearing their phantom republics while the subtle Monk was hatching his schemes, and the dastardly Charles Stuart cracking his jokes over his intended feats of murder and treason; and for these brave spirits the wood was being prepared for the scaffold, and the headsmen sharpening their axes and preparing their ropes. Oh, it is a mournful business—strange! How different is the aspect of affairs to posterity, than to the living actors in a great drama. With Vane as their chief, wrought Algernon

Sidney, and other such masculine and majestic men. If ever there existed men who seem to our minds to realize the colossal type of Roman, Coriolanus-like greatness, these were the men. They thought they were acting to prevent the vile Stuarts' return—we suppose of any party there now scarcely lives one who does not see that they took exactly the course to hasten it. The clear, ringing eloquence, especially of Sir Harry Vane, sounds like the mournful toll of English freedom; high, great sentiments heave out in that instantaneous attack he organized upon the Government, and the right of Richard Cromwell, immediately on taking his seat. He resisted the Government especially from the fear that it would, by its weakness, accelerate the return of the King. Again and again he exclaims, "Shall we be under-builders to supreme Stuart? Shall we lay the foundation of a system that must bring a Charles the Second back to us, sooner or later?" Much of his language has a scorn, personal invective, of so bitter a kind, that we grieve to hear it from the lips of Vane. Here is a passage:—

Mr. Speaker,—Among all the people of the universe, I know none who have shown so much zeal for the liberty of their country, as the English at this time have done: they have, by the help of Divine Providence, overcome all obstacles, and have made themselves free. We have driven away the hereditary tyranny of the house of Stuart, at the expense of much blood and treasure, in hopes of enjoying hereditary liberty, after having shaken off the yoke of kingship; and there is not a man amongst us, who could have imagined that any person would be so bold as to dare to attempt the ravishing from us that freedom, which cost us so much blood and so much labour. But so it happens, I know not by what misfortune, we are fallen into the error of those who poisoned the emperor Titus to make room for Domitian, who made away Augustus that they might have Tiberius, and changed Claudius for Nero. I am sensible these examples are foreign from my subject, since the Romans in those days were buried in lewdness and luxury; whereas the people of England are now renowned, all over the world, for their great virtue and discipline; and yet suffer an idiot without courage, without sense, nay, without ambition, to have dominion, in a country of liberty! *One could bear a little with Oliver Cromwell, though, contrary to his oath of fidelity to the parliament, contrary to his duty to the public, contrary to the respect he owed that venerable body from whom he received his authority, he usurped the government. His merit was so extraordinary, that our judgments, our passions, might be blinded by it.* He made his way to empire by the most illustrious actions: he had under his command an army that had made him a conqueror, and a people that had made him their general. But as for Richard Cromwell his son, who is he? what are his titles? We have seen that he had a sword by his side; but did he ever draw it? And what is of more importance in this case, is he fit to get obedience from a mighty nation,

who could never make a footman obey him? Yet we must recognise this man as our king, under the style of Protector!—a man without birth, without courage, without conduct. For my part, I declare, sir, it shall never be said that I made such a man my master.

Well, words like these drove the naturally quiet man to his obscurity at Cheshunt. He abdicated, and never appeared in public again. And now rapidly hastened the movement of Monk; for in the brief period which remained in the inextricable coil of affairs, Vane became President of the Council of the Nation; but Monk held the army, and the glorious moments of English freedom and justice were drawing to a close. Charles returned; an immense, and most gracious indemnity was procured to all; Vane had taken no part in the trial and execution of Charles I. When the King returned, he continued in his house at Hampstead; he was one of the very first made to translate the King's sense of his promised Act of Indemnity; he was arrested in July, 1660, and flung into the tower. There can be no doubt that Clarendon and Charles had determined on his murder from the very first. From many considerations, he was probably the strongest man in England; it was a very difficult thing to find grounds for an indictment, and for two years he continued in prison. He was removed from the Tower to a lonely castle in one of the Scilly Isles; there, utterly severed from all communication with his family, or any of his great comrades, he was consigned only to hear the winds raving round the turrets of his prison, or the moaning sea dashing at its base. In such states this great man seems to shine out with more dignity and beauty. What were his thoughts there, what his consolations or occupations, we have no means of very well knowing, excepting by the result, when those great traitors to English freedom, having procured a more supple Parliament, and having manipulated and manœuvred, with ingenious dexterity, their determination upon his life, recalled him to London. Meantime, his friends were in the grave or in exile; their bodies, like his, were immured in dungeons, or the scaffold had drunk their blood. A letter to his wife, too long to quote, furnishes proof of the fine texture of his character; reveals his own resolution, and in subtle and concealed hints, his assurance that he would soon be called to die. Some of his purest thoughts also occur in his paper, entitled "*Meditations on Death.*" He was nerving himself for the inevitable end. Such passages as the following, show this:—

HIS MEDITATION IN PRISON ON DEATH.

Death is the inevitable law God and nature have put upon us.

Things certain should not be feared, but expected. Things doubtful only are to be feared. Death, instead of taking away anything from us, gives us all, even the perfection of our natures; sets us at liberty both from our own bodily desires and others' domination; makes the servant free from his master. It doth not bring us into darkness, but takes darkness out of us, us out of darkness, and puts us into marvellous light. Nothing perishes or is dissolved by death, but the veil and covering, which is wont to be done away from all ripe fruit. It brings us out of a dark dungeon, through the crannies whereof our sight of light is but weak and small, and brings us into an open liberty, an estate of light and life, unveiled and perpetual. It takes us out of that mortality which began in the womb of our mother, and now ends to bring us into that life which shall never end. This day, which thou fearest as thy last, is thy birthday into eternity.

Death holds a high place in the policy and great commonwealth of the world. It is very profitable for the succession and continuance of the works of nature.

Again:—

It is most just, reasonable, and desirable, to arrive at that place towards which we are always walking. Why fearest thou to go whither all the world goes? *It is the part of a valiant and generous mind, to prefer some things before life, as things for which a man should not doubt nor fear to die.* In such a case, however matters go, a man must more account thereof than of his life. He must run his race with resolution, that he may perform things profitable and exemplary.

Thus the nobler English Seneca consoled and strengthened himself:—

There is a time to live and a time to die. A good death is far better and more eligible than an ill life. A wise man lives but so long as his life is more worth than his death. The longer life is not always the better. To what end serves a long life? Simply to live, breathe, eat, drink, and see this world. What needs so long a time for all this? Methinks we should soon be tired with the daily repetition of these and the like vanities, Would we live long to gain knowledge, experience, and virtue? This seems an honest design, but is better to be had other ways by good men, when their bodies are in the grave.

Again:—

It is a great point of wisdom to know the right hour and fit season to die. *Many men have survived their own glory.* That is the best death which is well recollected in itself, quiet, solitary, and attendeth wholly to what at that time is fittest.

They that live by faith, die daily. The life which faith teaches, works death. It leads up the mind to things not seen, which are

eternal, and takes it off with its affections and desires, from things seen, which are temporary.

We pass over his pathetic, high-toned, and beautiful letter to his wife. We notice, however, such passages as the following:—

Have faith and hope, my dearest. God's arm is not shortened; doubtless great and precious promises are yet in store to be accomplished in and upon believers here on earth, to the making of Christ admired in them. And if we cannot live in the power and actual possession of them, yet if we die in the foresight and embracing of them by faith, it will be our great blessing. *This dark night and black shade which God hath drawn over his work in the midst of us, may be, for aught we know, the ground-colour to some beautiful piece that he is now exposing to the light.*

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And why should such a taking up sanctuary in God, and desiring to continue a pilgrim and solitary in this world, whilst I am in it, afford still matter of jealousy, distrust, and rage, as I see it doth to those who are unwilling that I should be buried and lie quiet in my grave, where I now am. They that press so earnestly to carry on my trial do little know what presence of God may be afforded me in and issue out of it, to the magnifying of Christ in my body, by life or by death. Nor can they, I am sure, imagine how much I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, which of all things that can befall me I account best of all. And till then, I desire to be made faithful in my place and station, to make confession of him before men, and not deny his name, if called forth to give a public testimony and witness concerning him, and to be herein nothing terrified.

He was removed from Scilly to the Tower of London, about March, 1662, and he was brought before the Court of King's Bench on the 2nd of June, 1662. The indictment, which he was not permitted to see before it was read, nor permitted to have a copy of afterwards, charged him with compassing, and imagining the death of Charles II., and conspiring to subvert the ancient frame of the King by government of the realm. Even for that heinous age, when law was a mockery, the grounds of the indictment of Sir Harry Vane are marvellous in their wickedness. Will it be believed now, by ordinary readers, that one of the first items of the impeachment was that which we have designated as his illustrious and majestic defence of the English seas; sweeping the waves of our narrow channel, free of Van Tromp with his broom at the mast-head. This report of "an estimate of the number of ships for the summer guard of the narrow seas;" a "levy of £20,000 on South Wales for the fitting out this fleet," which was "to be paid to Sir Henry

Vane, as Treasurer of the Navy ;” warrants for the production of firelocks and drums ; warrants for the commission of officers of the army, bearing his authority ; warrants delivering arms and barrels of powder to regiments. Such were the items of this memorable indictment. Perhaps the more serious, although hypothetical, was the following :—

Then one Marsh was produced a witness, who proves, that Sir Henry Vane proposed the new model of government, Whitlock being in the chair, in these particulars :—

1. *That the supreme power, delegated by the people to their trustees, ought to be in some fundamentals not dispensed with.*

2. *That it is destructive to the people's liberties (to which by God's blessing they are restored) to admit any earthly king or single person, to the legislative or executive power over the nation.*

3. *That the supreme power delegated, is not entrusted to the people's trustees, to erect matters of Faith or Worship, so as to exercise compulsion therein.*

Tho. Pury proves, that he was at the debating of the two last of these propositions, and believes they were proposed to the Chairman Whitlock by Sir Henry Vane ; but affirms confidently, that Sir Henry Vane gave reasons to maintain them.

Of course, the argument with reference to the navy, proceeded upon the principle, that, to sustain the army and navy, was to keep the King out of his possession. The trial was a nefarious business. Ludlow somewhere remarks, in his interesting life, that upon his trial, Sir Henry Vane pleaded rather for the life and liberties of his country than for his own ; he addressed himself to his task in a spirit of royal cheerfulness, and with overwhelming tact and eloquence, set aside the validity of the charges ; his convincing arguments took from his prosecutors the power of reply, and the Chief Justice, Forster, was heard to say : “ Though we know not what to say to him, we know what to do with him.” After Vane's closing defence, the Solicitor-General, in a speech of singular execrable brutality, declared to the jury, that “ the prisoner must be made a public sacrifice ;” and, in reply to Vane's protest, that he had not been permitted to have the benefit of counsel, the same worthy asked, “ What counsel did the prisoner think would, or durst speak for him, “ in such a manifest case of treason ; unless he would call down “ the heads of his fellow-traitors from Westminster Hall.” The Solicitor-General was even permitted to whisper to all the members of the jury as they were leaving the box. They deliberated half-an-hour, and returned with a verdict of “ Guilty.” There had been some foolish expectation that, even then, his life might be saved, but Charles and Clarendon were even nervously

anxious for his murder. Mr. Forster produces the following letter from Charles to Clarendon, the day after his trial, and before his sentence :—

The relation, that has been made to me of Sir Henry's Vane's carriage yesterday in the hall, is the occasion of this letter, which, if I am rightly informed, was so insolent as to justify all he had done, acknowledging no supreme power in England but a parliament, and many things to that purpose. You have had a true account of all; and if he has given new occasion to be hanged, certainly *he is too dangerous a man to let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way.* Think of this, and give me some account of it to-morrow, till when I have no more to say to you. C. R.

Called up for his sentence, there were circumstances of considerable excitement in the Court. He submitted, for instance, first, "Whether a Parliament were accountable to any inferior Court." Second, "Whether the King, being out of possession,"—here the Court broke in upon him with great vehemence, declaring, "the King never was out of possession." With exceeding coolness, he replied, that "the Indictment against him" then must inevitably fall to the ground, for the one charge "alleged against him, was that he endeavoured to keep out his Majesty." It was unanswerable; the excitement became intense; in the midst of it he desisted from all further attempts, folded up his papers, solemnly appealed from the tribunal to the judgment of God, reminding his judges, that before that judgment they would all at last be brought; and expressed his willingness to die for his testimony. Abusive Sergeant Keeling broke in here, "So you may, sir, in good time, by the Grace of God." This was he, who, in a previous hour of the trial, when Vane was reading a passage from a volume of the Statutes, desiring to look at it, attempted to snatch it rudely from his hands. Vane withheld and closed the volume, exclaiming, "When I employ you as my counsel, sir, I will find you books." He was sentenced to execution on Tower Hill. English lawyers have, since then, pronounced the sentence "infamous." Even Justice Forster who tried him, is quoted by Mr. Forster as, by implication in his apology, condemning the verdict. The case only stands on record as a selection of the most marked and conspicuous man in the nation as the subject of royal revenge. He was condemned on Wednesday; he was to die on Saturday. A little volume before us, from which we have already quoted, contains many of his occasional speeches; they ought to be better known. Sometimes, in his speeches in the House of Commons, we have thought we detected the marks of irritation and petulance, but there are no such indications in these words

—a calm, seraphic glow pervades them all; a full assurance of faith; a hope of glory. He does not condescend to indulge in any remarks, even upon either his adversaries or his unpropitious trial; there seems only, if that may be said, too great a desire to depart and to have done with it all. The prayer with his wife and children, and some other friends, the night before his execution, which his friend Sykes has preserved, is a wonderful rapture of elevated, and sustained, and earnest devotion. It is full of pithy pieces, especially he prays, "*Let thy servant see death shrink under him*; what a glorious sight will "this be in the presence of many witnesses, to have death shrink "under him, which he acknowledgeth to be only by the power of "the resurrection of Jesus Christ, whom the bands of death could "not hold down, let that spirit enter into us that will set us again "upon our feet." He adores God the Father, because, "Thou art "rending this veil, and bringing us to a mountain that abides "firm." He prayed for his family.

Prosper and relieve that poor handful that are in prisons and bonds that they may be raised up and trample death under foot. Let my poor family that is left desolate, let my dear wife and children be taken into thy care, be thou a husband, father, and master to them. Let the spirits of those that love me, be drawn out towards them. Let a blessing be upon these friends that are here at this time, strengthen them, let them find love and grace in thine eyes, and be increased with the increasings of God. Shew thyself a loving father to us all, and do for us abundantly, above and beyond all that we can ask or think, for Jesus Christ his sake. Amen.

After this, at about midnight, came the warrant for his execution the following day; the next morning he said there was "no dismalness in it after the receipt of the warrant, I slept "four hours so soundly, that the Lord hath made it sufficient for "me, and now I am going to sleep my last, after which I shall "need to sleep no more." He seems to have met his wife and children again that day, early in the forenoon, and, parting with them, said, "There is some flesh remaining yet, but I must cast it behind me, and press forward to my Father." The sheriff came to him saying, he could not be ready for half-an-hour yet. "Then, sir," said Sir Henry, "it rests with you, for "I have been ready this half-hour." It was thought at first that he would have to walk to execution; the sledge had not arrived; at length it came, and he said, "Any way, how they please; I "long to be at home, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, which "is best of all." He went downstairs from his chamber, and seated himself in the sledge, his friends and servants standing by him, and Sykes accompanying him to the close. As they

passed along, it was like a royal procession ; shouts and gestures were made to him ; the tops of the houses were crowded, and all the windows thronged ; even the prisoners of the Tower, as he passed along, and the thronging multitudes by his side, and the people looking down on the procession, exclaimed, " The Lord go with you ; the great God of Heaven and earth appear in you and for you." As he came within the rails of the scaffold, the pathetic voices of the people greeted him like acclamations, crying out, " The Lord Jesus be with thy dear soul ! " One voice shouted to him, " That is the most glorious seat you ever sat on ! " " It is so, indeed," he replied, in a cheerful voice. When he appeared in front of the scaffold, in his black suit and cloak, with scarlet silk waistcoat, the victorious colour, many supposed he was some person connected officially with the execution, or some looker on. They were amazed to find in that great and noble presence, the prisoner who was to die. " How cheerful he is," said some ; " He does not look like a dying man," said others ; with other such astonished speeches. The scene at his execution was, on the part of the Government, disgraceful. Vane was calm enough to attempt to address the multitude coherently—he had promised to say nothing reflecting on the King or Government, nor does it seem that he attempted to do so : he was hustled—his papers snatched from his hands, taken from his pocket ; even then, in the midst of all, he preserved a serene and composed demeanour. When he attempted to speak, the trumpets sounded to drown his voice ; enthusiasm wept for him, while it admired him ! At last he turned aside, exclaiming, " It is a bad cause which cannot hear the words of a dying man." He seems to have been permitted to pray a little in peace : such sentences as the following, fell from him, recorded by Sykes : " Bring us, O Lord, into the true mystical Sabbath, that we may cease from our own works ; rest from our own labours, and become a meet habitation of Thy Spirit," &c., &c. His last words were, " Father, glorify thy servant in the sight of men, that he may glorify Thee, in the discharge of his duty to Thee, and to his country." Thereupon, he stretched out his arms, in an instant, swift fell the stroke, and the head of one of the greatest and purest beings that ever adorned our world, rolled on the scaffold ! Old Pepys was there, and in that asinine book of his, he tells us how he had a room on Tower Hill, that he might see the whole affair. That poor ass testifies, and he was in a Government office at the time, as we know, that " he changed not his colour nor spirit to the last ; spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ, and, in all things, appeared the most resolved man that ever died in

“that manner, and showed more of heat than of cowardice, but, “yet withal, humility and gravity;” and the testimony from an imbecile time-server, like Pepys, has a little measure of historical worth in it. So Sir Harry went away in his chariot to heaven, and Pepys tells us how he “went away to dinner”! A day or two after he tells us how “the talk was that Sir Harry “Vane must be gone to heaven, and that the King had lost more “by that man’s death than he will gain again a good while.” Sykes beautifully and pathetically says, “Cromwell’s victories “are swallowed up of death; Vane has swallowed up death itself “in victory. He let fall his mantle, left his body behind him, “that he had worn for nine and forty years, and has gone to keep “his everlasting jubilee in God’s everlasting rest. It is all day “with him now, no night nor sorrow more, no prison nor death!” Burnett testifies, and Pepys also implies it, that his death made the foundations of the throne thrill, and almost shook it from its steadfastness. The publication of the little pamphlet of his trial, which was extensively circulated, and his most remarkable biography by Sykes, set him a-talking, in a wonderful manner, in men’s consciences, after his death. February 11th, 1663, Pepys testifies, “At night my wife read Sir H. Vane’s trial to “me, and I find it a very excellent thing, worth reading, and him “to have been a very wise man.” Also Vane’s pamphlets, his *Healing Question*, his *Balance of Government*, and the others, were being read in private meetings; and his spirit was at work, although his body was in the tomb. He was beheaded, but we may believe that the memory of his execution, joined to the recollection of his singularly noble and pure career, did something towards sweeping finally, and for ever, the execrable, execrated, and detested Stuarts from the throne. Clarendon makes it an article against Vane, that he was “a man independent of all “parties;” and it is for this reason that since his death, Vane has received far less justice, both at the hands of his contemporaries, and posterity, than most of the great characters of that illustrious period of our history. Although he was of the Nonconformists, he was too broad, and too high in his views to give them much satisfaction. If he opposed the Bishops and forfeited their favour, he would not persecute Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, and he sacrificed the favour of the sectaries; religiously, while we have indicated the frequent mysticism of his views, he was immeasurably in advance of his age. We love Richard Baxter, but his account of Vane is singularly characteristic of the frequent narrowness and half-malignant querulousness of the dear old father. As he was before his age in religion—a matter very greatly to himself—so also he was before his age in politics. We

admire and reverence him, but for the interests of peace and for the well-ordering of the State, we are compelled to side with Cromwell. But Vane's life is, altogether, one that does one good to read, or to compile. There was not a shred nor thread of littleness in any part of his character; its only fault is its lofty ideality. Not one of his numerous assailants or adversaries has ever been able, by a breath, to touch or tarnish the pure mirror of that excellence. The only possible, doubtful circumstance, is the possession of that paper from the red velvet case, which became evidence leading to the death of Strafford. We think it cannot be doubtful what any of our readers, in such a case, would have done; a movement of Providence seemed to guide his hands to that fatal case, and once possessed of its information, how could he do other than reveal it to his country? Altogether the whole character of Sir Harry Vane stands in its lucid and transparent satisfactoriness by the side of the few most really elevated men of the time. He represents, in full-orbed completeness, those principles in living embodiment which adorn the political pages of Milton, which shine also in the career of Marvel. He had the political righteousness, which makes Pym and Hampden so venerable. While, he seems to have combined, in a rare manner, that patient Biblical research, that life of devout thought and inquisition which flames over the pages of Howe; the rarity of his character being, that beyond almost any other mighty politician to whom we can refer, he united the attributes of action, which made him powerful in Whitehall, with the attributes of contemplation, which, as they solaced his own spirit among the woods of Raby, the retirements of Belleau, or the dungeons of Scilly, prove even now attractive to those who begin to peruse his little known, but animating pages. *

* A very able and interesting paper, entitled, "Sir Henry Vane the Younger," appeared in the *Eclectic Review*, twenty-six years since—June, 1840. We have no knowledge to guide us to the authorship: its author was enthusiastic in defence of Vane; but we had not then received that measure of knowledge which could make him just to Cromwell. Our paper is so thoroughly and substantially different, especially in dealing with the topic of Vane's literary character, quite untouched by that writer, that we have had no hesitation in bringing a too much neglected hero beneath the notice of our readers.

II.

THE ESSAY CONSIDERED AS TENTATIVE.*

WE have united these volumes because their real naturalness may give to them the claim of relationship, different as are the topics they treat, and their mode of treating them. Mr. Matthew Browne writes like a man who knows the world pretty well—the worst of it has not spoiled his goodness, geniality, and faith in something better; and the best of it has not indisposed him from taking a shrewd glance at the reality of things. The companion volume seems to be written by quite a different genius. It has only just reached us, in its second edition, but it has we believe been some time before the public, and we should think it is likely long to retain the place of a quiet and most refreshing favorite. What does Miss Parr mean by *In the Silver Age*? We have not been able to discover very distinctly that she says what she means, but we take it to imply that view of life, and of all things, flowers, trees, rivers, cities, men, and women, which comes or ought to come beneath the softening influence of wise and maturing years. We do not know the age of the amiable and accomplished authoress, but here are pages full of kindness and wisdom; and if, as some of them seem to imply, by the paper called “Crow’s Feet,” there are silver lines among the locks of hair, no one could very well regret the years, bringing with them such revenues of chastened, yet elevated, delightful, and cheerful, yet pensive appreciations of life. In truth, we have a pair of most pleasant and readable volumes of essays; as unlike each other as essays can well be, yet both healthful and earnest. Holme Lee’s volume is full of delicate sentiment, without ever becoming sentimental; Mr. Browne’s is full of strongly expressed egotisms, which seldom irritate, and almost always furnish some intellectual, perhaps even new, aspect of the matter he has in hand. He calls his essays, deriving the term we believe from John Henry Newman, “viewy” We never liked the word much, but perhaps it may be accepted with the feeling that for the purpose our language does not supply a better—another word does, however, perhaps, better express what Mr. Browne

*1. *Views and Opinions.* By Matthew Browne. Strahan.

2. *In the Silver Age: Essays*—“*That is, Dispersed Meditations.*” By Holme Lee. New Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co.

means, and he has used it—"One characteristic," he says, "of the essay is uniform, it is tentative, not exhaustive, in matter." This is, no doubt, true of what we properly call essays. We observe Mr. Browne, in the list of essayists whose names he recapitulates, omits that of Hume; he does include Locke and Samuel Bailey. These are names which suggest to us in the essay a disposition to exhaust the subject of which the writer treats; the same also is true of most of the essays of John Foster. Of neither Locke, Hume, Foster, nor Samuel Bailey can it be said that they simply "took a bird's eye view of the metaphysical country" rather than walked through it; on the contrary, these writers really not only walked through their whole region, but macadamized for themselves their roads—were a kind of literary engineer, or sapper and miner; but no doubt it is true that the charm of an essay is this tentative character—the writer is inditing his pages from one particular point of view; in the degree in which he is a thoughtful, intellectual man, or a man of cultivated emotions, he puts the subject in some new, clear, striking light; perhaps while we read the essay we feel there was much more to be seen and to be said, yet we are almost possessed as the writer was possessed; the strength of his perceptions has involved our judgment; the colour of his mind sheds itself over our own. Every pleasant or powerful essayist must have a strong egotism of character—egotism, perhaps, in the modern discrimination of language we should call it. Mr. Brown has an essay, far from one of the best in the volume, "On Egotism." The whole of his volume is, however, egotistic; it is of the very nature of the "viewy," or tentative character that it should be so. Again, we say, this makes an essay desirable and delightful reading; it has one strong element of a vigorous, healthful conversation; it leads the reader to an aspect of thought or observation for which he was not prepared—the strong assertion of an opposite opinion by a man as sensible as himself reminds him how much may be said upon the other side, and leads him to overlook and revise his own. This is what we mean by the tentative—it may be a strong, one-sided view of a matter, but its influence is to save the reader from being narrow, or one-sided; it is a trial of a topic on that side; it is an entrance into a subject by that door; it may perhaps be alleged that this disposition has made sceptics of men, and that the great essayists have not been remarkably favourable through their writings to the interests of faith; such a mind hovers in uncertainty, and knows well, perhaps, by what it sees on one side, how much is to be said on the other. But we believe that a thoroughly vigorous and healthful essay, from whatever point of view, is likely to stir, and give animation to the mind. Some-

thing characteristic of wit, a sprightly sally, a flash of unexpected light, the thrill and panic of a pleasant little battery—hence the charm of anecdote, and Mr. Browne tells many anecdotes, and tells them very well; some, perhaps, are old, or are elaborated a little needlessly, but in general they have the effect of suddenness, and viewiness; his apology for the *nerves* is, in this way, a delightful piece of banter; he vindicates in the essayists' true, one-sided fashion, the nerves against the muscles, and thin people against fat ones.

Such is the triumph of the nervous element over the phlegmatic element in human affairs. And, if it sometimes gets the worst of it, what then? "You young rascal," said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you, where would you have been then?" and the boy answered, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!" Just so; when vulgar brute force runs over Nerve, where is Nerve immediately? Why, "Up behind, a-taking of his number!" It is a glorious mission.

It is of course of the nature of this egotistic, intensely angular, and "viewy" way of looking at things that it sometimes becomes very unjust, even unphilosophical. We admire the honesty of Mr. Browne in his essay "On Giving Way," and certainly when one listens to a practised banterer talking we are sometimes at a loss to know whether the man be in jest or in earnest. This severe lashing of poor Dr. Watts in the following criticism seem to us a remarkable piece of tentativeness:—

Now, what can be a more contemptible object than a man who, when his goblet of joy is empty, cannot keep up a recollection of its former fulness, but begins to grumble at what it cost him! Yet the sight is common, and then you have forgetful fifty legislating for joyous twenty in cold blood. The man may be simply a commonplace fool, or a cynic, or an ascetic, with a gospel like this:—

"How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

"The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light:
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we receive delight."

This degraded rubbish is positively a creed with thousands of people—creatures who actually live in a world in which there are roses, and lilies, and rhododendrons, and sunsets, and wine, [and music, and children, and women, and running rivers. They cannot, perhaps, easily help themselves, any more than a man who is born without hands can

perform manual labour. Their Enjoying Faculty has no Memory, you see.

* * * * *

Boldly and emphatically, I am a stranger to all experience of this kind; and if such experience ever threatened me, I would either crush it—or myself.

All very fine Mr. Browne, and if we heard an ordinary man expressing himself in this way, we should just mutter to ourselves, “the creature is either a fool or a stone,” and so have done with it; but Mr. Browne is not only a very sensible man, but he evidently has a heart with very noble issues, and therefore we say, we don’t believe him on that point; he has never been tried. Burke and Goethe were made of very splendid human stuff, and they both broke down when the adequate hour of grief came upon them. “Make up your mind,” says our writer, “in your best moments, and keep on remembering that you made it up.” Good again, a very admirable piece of advice; but making up your mind it is a fine day when the sun floods the forests and mountains with golden light, can no more prevent us from getting soaked to the skin when the rain comes on, than the memory of years of joy can avail to bind up a broken heart. But this is not the mood in which we lay down, or commend to our readers, Mr. Browne’s book. There is a kindness generally about it; even a poor street preacher wins respect and attention from him, and he can listen to “*Cranbrook*” and feel a disposition rather to worship than contempt; he acts on the spirit of his anecdote, and respects the burden borne by the suffering children of the race everywhere. This is his conception, and it is a very wise one, of the highest courtesy of life; the following is a beautiful passage in its generous humanity:—

Yet you may see the same kind of thing going on almost every day. Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying, “Respect the burden, madam.” You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do *not* “respect the burden”—whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual, visible load,—sometimes it is cold and raggedness,—sometimes it is hunger,—sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle, or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I *expect* him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again, a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent, so far as common amenities go;—I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word, or an ungracious act. And how far,

pray, are we to push the kind of chivalry which "respects the burden?" As far as the love of God will go with us. A great distance—it is a long way to the foot of the rainbow.

A point of good everywhere would seem to be the writer's faith; he has hopes even, or something that would bear such an interpretation, of William Palmer:—

I mention Palmer, because he died impenitent, or at least unconfessed. "Lord Campbell summed up for *strychnine*," was his evasive reply to the last appeal; from which it has been supposed that the murdered man was poisoned with antimony. Palmer then asked the chaplain if an unconfessed sinner might hope for pardon. The answer was, "It is not for me to limit the mercy of God,"—and then a quotation from Rev. xxi. 27. Palmer was silent; but his eyes filled with tears.

He ought to be a beautiful person to live with, who knows so well the nature of his "own cocoon," and never laughs at the absurdity of that which is spun by his neighbour; who seems always prepared to give way, and to forgive all little sins.

At (I think) an Episcopal dinner at Durham, a north-country farmer got hold of a dish of dotterels, and made awful havoc with them. A longing neighbour, seeing the little delicacies disappearing fast, tried to tempt the farmer with another dish. "Will you try a slice of this, Mr. Cloverseed?" said he. "Na, na, thankee," replied the devoted farmer, "I'll stick to t' little birds." It is a golden, greedy story. There ought to have been more of the little birds at table; but I know a fairy that can turn a toadstool into a dotterel.

The tentative in *The Silver Age* is of a different kind, it is really a book which might have been written by some *sœur de charité* in the stray moments when the mind and heart looked out for cheerful pictures to relieve the darkness of daily occupation; it is also an eminently "viewy" book; sailing down the Rhine; resting in St. Goar or Heidelberg; loitering in the Hotel de Cluny; a sudden turn of thought seizes and compels the mind and heart to reverie. By the sea-shore; through the autumn woods and shadows; or in the night; in the rain or in the sleet; visiting a poor neighbour; sitting with little Georgie, the poor bed-ridden boy, or with Fanny Marshall's twins; a sprig of borage, or the death of a friend, alike become to her the seed-plant of some tender turn of thought, conveyed in her own sweet, modest, winning expression, leaving upon the heart of the reader an influence like that of the boughs of trees in twilight, or the gentle, pensive music of winds on plains, or moonbeams among graves. It is a book of pictures; it might be copiously illustrated; it is a book to put into a portmanteau,

and to take upon travel when books must be few; it has an eminent faculty of setting the mind off upon journeys, recalling back to the memory lost and forgotten pictures. In a few lines she touches the memory with graphic recollection, and compelled herself to sit alone, as in that paper called "Rain in Summer," she easily makes a way for the reader's mind to all refreshing thoughts; her words run in their directions like rivulets, rivers, or brooks; certainly there is nothing exhaustive in any one of these papers; but they hold you, with a whispered, impressive word, and a strong touch, a spring, moving to reveal one thought, and that, most likely, not a very new one, but full of the truth of humanity, and the beauty of beauty. Thus, "Gathered and Garnered," suggests the following:—

But oh, this mysterious *Death*! This God's doom on Sin! I have never seen its approach before, and though it comes tenderly as Mercy's self, on the mortal face there is, *there is* the seal of punishment, of vague regret, of mute, helpless resignation. The lips murmur, "Thy will be done;" but the soul receives its warning of change with tremulous awe—and it is not most meet? The spirit bows to the stern, just sentence, but the body cannot rejoice in suffering its dire penalty.

What visions are revealed to the eyes of the dying? What voices sound in their ears unheard of us, still far from the shores eternal? What mean those beckonings in the air? Who calls when my mother answers so quick and clear, "*Yes, I'm coming?*" Are those who have gone before sent back through the Valley of the Shadow of Death to bear her company by what we have been used to think a dark and lonely way? Will that way be dark? Will it be lonely at all? or cheered by the greeting of old friends and kinsfolk gathered to welcome a new comer to Christ's kingdom as to a Christmas festival?

The following, from the same paper—a death-bed and funeral,—seems to us very beautiful:—

"Married life has many cares, but single life has no joys," she says presently, and then wanders through an old story that I have heard often before of love denied and hope deferred, and others' selfishness indulged, all ending in too late—*too late*! After that she falls to talking of ourselves as children, tells me reminiscences of my father and mother, and little anecdotes of my early self; and when I must go, she urgently bids me come again soon—*very soon*; and I see her wan face strain after me with a plaintive smile as I go out at the door—never to enter it again until she lies in her coffin, looking so placid in her grave-gear that I could half envy her who has got the loneliness and weariness of living well over.

It is all in keeping with foregone events, that on the morning of her funeral the rain should come down with a *dree* pertinacity, that the early fallen leaves are whirling in drifts over the sodden ground, and that all nature wears a forlorn and desolate aspect. And it is some-

how a consolation to myself to tramp the longest way round by the river and the miry lanes, and to stand by in the pitiless storm while she is laid in her grave. Over beyond is my mother's with a new headstone, and already a rose or two blooming above it, and green violet leaves that will be sweet in spring. This is a perplexed world, and they two have done with it! I am not the only uninvited mourner at the Old Maid's Funeral. With white hair uncovered there stands just within earshot, but apart from the company like myself, a gentleman whose face I remember perfectly since the early days when the good old lady of the tower-cap was alive; and as soon as the service is over, and the others have retired, he recognizes me by the pet name I used to bear in those long ago holiday-afternoons, though his name I have quite forgotten; and after a last look into the grave we walk away together under the dripping trees, avowing our mutual affection and respect for the friend of a lifetime who has fared safely through care many stages of a troublesome journey, and is at rest now from all the and toil for ever and ever.

"Death as it is universal cannot be an evil," has said some philosopher, and doubtless there is purpose and mercy in every seeming random stroke of the scythe. When the corn falls fully ripe no heart-cry is very bitter, but what feel we when little Golden hair drops away from the sun after nine short years of innocent delight? It is God's will—let it be done! her mother has children still left for earth, and one angel saved for heaven. And what when the reaper cuts down the tall green blade up-grown but fruitless? Still only, it is God's will—let him do what seemeth Him best. Perchance there was some blight on the leaf, some canker at the root that would have spread and eaten all, had not He taken it in its greenness from the slow decay.

There is not a cynical word in the volume. How truly the writer says, "A hard, ugly, cynical view may be taken of each act and utterance of the wisest man; and it is possible so to look at the grandest achievements and noblest sacrifices, that they shall appear distorted, mean, and false." Far from this is her way; rather all the humblest and lowest actions of life are glorified to her. Here is a dear little picture; a very Ruysdael or Tiedemann, of a poor man's return to his cottage home at evening:—

Night is creeping now with muffled foot-fall from out the ranks of trees; gliding over field and hollow glen and steep hill-side; shrouding the world in its gradual purple gloom. As I draw near the village, here and there the glow-worm spark of a candle begins to glimmer from cottage windows, and the radiance of the fireside shines through an open door, where the house-mother, with two little ones hanging to her gown, watches for her goodman's coming home. He comes with heavy, tired tread, and a faggot of sticks on his back; but casting his burthen down on the wood-heap near-by the gate, he snatches up his

youngest child which toddles to meet him, and carries it in his arms to his wife at the door. As they go in and shut it, dark seems to fall suddenly round about the humble roof, and the wind whirls a shower of undistinguishable leaves across the narrow footpath. In the elms of the lane it is piping up shrill and stormy, and as I cross my threshold the first long swelling gust rolls down the from the hills, scout of a wild battalion which will make tempestuous work through the drear midnight both by land and sea; but within is warmth, light, and shelter, as within the ark of Christian hope there is warmth, light, and shelter against all the despites of fortune and all the adverse gales of fate.

How good is the following: "Why sneer at the poor little failure of the weak, the half-done endeavour of the crippled? They are the best they can do—the best God has given them strength and opportunity to do; and all doing goes by comparison. Perhaps your lofty achievement is but a poor little failure, a half-done endeavour in the eyes of somebody else. In its feeblest, most pitiful, or most laborious efforts, life is too perplexed, too sad, too real a thing for men to mock at. Every one is in earnest for himself. Who jests at his own anguish? Scoffs at his own hard struggle?" Elsewhere she says, "We make our disappointments by being too exacting." Thus our readers may perceive that there is a noble philosophy in this beautiful book; sometimes, as in the following, a music like that of Mrs. Barbauld's hymns:—

The birds are silent all, neither is there any stir of insect life; the solemn hush of rest after labour is over the earth. By and by the sky fades from its brightness through rosy blendings of cloud, until above the downs it is a clear, uniform gray. As soon as the sun is gone the air breathes sharp and cold, and the October twilight advances fast.

And pervaded throughout by Christian truth and faith. "Ah," she exclaims, "it consoles one for many things unalterable and inexplicable to stick by that old-fashioned precept of Christian philosophy, that whatever cross we carry is rough hewn in heaven."

We have generally thought that it is an admirable characteristic of the true essay that it begins anywhere, and travels everywhere; it is a thought taking the reader up, and holding him neither too long nor too vigorously; as Mr Browne says truly, "Something between a homily and a lyric;" and this is the effect of these two books—they may mingle together in the same readings, in the same household room. Perhaps Mr. Browne's looks most like a book for men; *In the Silver Age*, a book for women; but for the most part they are so cheerful, and have in them such a tone of truth, that they may change this relation

of readers with great profit; and Holme Lee will give to men underviews of life and things, they are not always disposed to take; and Mr. Browne will show the most firm-footed lady that there is something to be said on the other side. Two better books for reading aloud, and talking about in the family, we have not for a long time seen.

III.

MORE THOUGHTS ON SACRIFICE.—BUSHNELL AND YOUNG.*

THAT the exact nature and import of the Christian Sacrifice is the most important moral problem of the day, must be unhesitatingly admitted, if, with Paul, we believe that “the Gospel of Christ,” rightly understood, “is the power of God unto salvation.”

We use the qualifying words “rightly understood,” for, although ready to allow that the culture of the conscience, by submission to its dictates, will go far to prevent the personal consequences of intellectual error; still, any inaccuracy in the public teaching of Christianity’s vital doctrines cannot fail to lessen its aggregate moral results.

We have accordingly perused with regret Dr. Bushnell’s volume referred to at the foot of this page. True, it is not an emanation from and the school which denies the Divine origin of Christianity, the degrades it to a heterogeneous mixture of excellent morality, wild fanaticism, and debasing superstition. The divinity of the Saviour is not disputed. His resurrection and ascension are historic facts, allowed to be proved. Dr. Bushnell, if not in our view quite orthodox, is neither a Deist nor a Socinian: we may even go further, and say that he is within a few degrees of orthodoxy. His book is enriched with many profound and beautiful thoughts; and, in some of his arguments against the

* 1. *The Vicarious Sacrifice grounded on Principles of Universal Obligation.* By Horace Bushnell, D.D.

* 2. *The Life and Light of Men.* An Essay. By John Young, LL.D., Edinburgh.

scholastic theology of dry formulas, and drier definitions, he has done the cause of Scriptural evangelism much good service. But with all these things in his favour, he is far from being a safe guide : perhaps the less safe, because his general tone is not unlikely to win the confidence of the unwary. We shall proceed therefore with all frankness to show how and why, in his explanation of Christianity's central dogma, we think him wrong.

But, before indicating our differences, let us consider how far we are agreed. We agree with him, then, in reprobating such representations of the work of Christ as give it an artificial, and therefore often a grotesque character. Adopting the language of Dr. Bushnell's title-page, we assert, as strongly as he does, that the Vicarious Sacrifice, is "grounded on principles of universal obligation." For, although the actual life and death of the Saviour are events of history, and even of modern history, the doctrine they clothe was cognized ere history began. The whole scheme existed in embryo "before the foundation of the world," as the apostolic writings repeatedly and emphatically declare. Now, what in its conception was before time, must be an original and essential part of the world's moral order. Consequently, the facts of Christianity are moral facts, that is, facts involving moral truth, just as much as the intuitions of conscience are moral facts; and the unwise attempt, made by scholastic theologians, artificially to sever Christian doctrine from Christian morals, has, by dislocating the system, done the cause they love most serious injury. Dr. Bushnell protests against such severance. So do we. Christianity, left free, combines naturally with practical morals into one grand, heaven-born scheme, not the less rational because it is in agreement with revelation, and not the less simple because, having spontaneously assumed a scientific arrangement, it is entitled to be ranked as a philosophy.

But now we come to the point of divergence. Why diverge? Why not go on together to the end?

One reason why we cannot go on further with Dr. Bushnell, is, that he pursues his investigation, if investigation it may be called, after a wrong method. Instead of laying down his facts, and then, by the inductive process, framing his theory in accordance with, and so as to embrace and harmonize, his facts, he propounds his hypothesis speculatively. Devising it as a full-blown speculative product, he states it and re-states it, argues toward it and from it, and sometimes in this way elicits thoughts of value; but the inquiry, as a whole, is wanting in both completeness and conclusiveness.

To some extent this mischief would have been avoided, had our author analysed his theory. We might, then, have examined its separate principles for ourselves, and considered whether or not they were supported by moral facts. But even this assistance he has not rendered us. He traces the action of a Being, in whom justice and mercy co-operate, each in absolute perfection ; and he argues, with great force, that the result of such a co-operation is to adjust the claims of justice on the one hand, and the outgoings of mercy on the other, so that the two flow in one continuous stream of righteousness. All this is exceedingly good. We go thoroughly along with him when he concludes that God is as righteous in the highest exercise of mercy as in the severest infliction of justice. But this wide truth needs to be analysed. It displays the combined operation of composite forces, just as the combined operation of the centrifugal and centripetal forces are seen in the planets' actual orbits. This would not be enough for the astronomer. He must have each force measured separately. So in theology. The tendency of justice must be contemplated separately. The effect upon the conscience of that separate contemplation must be measured by itself. And so of other elements. Our mental processes are progressive. No mind, when it first apprehends the Gospel, grasps the whole at once. Generally, there is first the inspiration of fear, then of joy, then their mixed and continuous excitation. But the absence from Dr. Bushnell's pages of any analysis of his theory, renders it impossible for us to compare the fixed theory with the progressive fact. We know the fact. We want the theory to compare with it. The fact is multiple. So is the theory. To compare multiples is impracticable. Both must be analysed, severed into their elements, and *then* compared.

Again : there is a third defect in Dr. Bushnell's method more pernicious still. His volume abounds with facts of moral feeling and experience. We thank him for this because they are to form the basis of our argument, and, finding them admitted, it will not become a question whether they are facts or not. But, although admitting the facts as facts of consciousness, he gives them no objective significance. In dealing with physical objects, our perception of them is deemed conclusive evidence of their objective reality ; thus, I believe the pen I hold in my fingers to be a real pen outside of me, and not a mere mental image. And we put in the same claim with regard to our moral consciousness. Our intuitive sense of right and wrong is sufficient to prove that the difference between right and wrong is an objective reality. Our intuitive apprehension of justice demonstrates the reality of justice objectively, as well as sub-

jectively. If we fear God's anger, it is because anger in God is a reality ; and if, having so feared, there follow a consciousness of reconciliation with God, we accept that as conclusive evidence that something real has occurred within the range of our intuitive apprehension, whereby God and the conscience have been placed AS ONE. Dr. Bushnell leaves us in doubt as to how far he goes along with us in these conclusions. If it be not as we have said it is, we are at a loss to understand how either his theory, or any other moral theory of vicarious sacrifice, can be made to rest "on principles of universal obligation." The whole would, in that case, become idealistic only, and, consequently, artificial and unreal ; and we should be relegated to the region of fanciful theories and baseless hypotheses, out of which we are desirous to escape.

Having thus explained our objections to Dr. Bushnell's method of inquiry, and the consequent difficulty we have in either going along with him, or in meeting him face to face, we proceed, according to our own method—that of applying the test of moral facts—to examine Dr. Bushnell's theory, overcoming the difficulties we have mentioned as best we can.

His first brief statement of his theory is in these words :—

The true conception is, that Christ, in what is called His Vicarious Sacrifice, simply engages, at the expense of great suffering, and even of death itself, to bring us out of our sins themselves, and so out of their penalties ; being Himself profoundly identified with us in our fallen state, and burdened in feeling with our evils.

We should see no cause to find fault with these words, if they were intended by their author to mean all that they might be understood to mean. But that is not the case. What Christ does "to bring us out of our sins" is afterwards explained by Dr. Bushnell as referring exclusively to what He does amongst men as a great moral power. What He does towards God is taken no account of. Thus, instead of having a sphere of truth presented to us, it is only a hemisphere. Dr. Bushnell's theory, like the moon, shows only an earth-ward side. But although we cannot see the moon's heaven-ward side, it has one. So has Christ's sacrifice. And of the one as well as the other we can *conceive* the heaven-ward side, although we cannot see it. Nay, it is not only conceivable, but if we believe the Scriptures, it is quite certain, that the world as a whole, throughout its entire history, lay before the mind of God ere time began, and that the Christ-righteousness in it attracted to it the Divine regards, which otherwise would have been averted from it. In that view the word "vicarious" has a meaning other than the one which

Dr. Bushnell has attached to it. And that it must have yet a third meaning given to it, follows from this further consideration:—If natural evil be the punishment of moral evil, and if Christ, being innocent, came into this guilty world and shared its punishment, must not the natural evil which he endured though His dwelling in the world have been vicarious—that is to say, vicarious in the sense of an innocent being sharing the curse of the guilty. Let then these two further senses of the word be added to that given by Dr. Bushnell, and we have its full Scriptural meaning; but not otherwise.

In accordance with his abnegation of the heaven-ward aspect of the Saviour's sacrifice, Dr. Bushnell denies to Him the character of a mediator, or even of an intercessor—except “in the sense that, as being in humanity, He is a medium of God to us,” and except that His “intercession is with us and in our heart's feeling.” But there is no instinct of humanity more thorough and universal than that which recognizes the possibility of one or a few of the race winning, by their deserts in the presence of the Supreme, blessings on all. Scriptural instances are frequent—as in the case of Sodom where ten righteous men, if existent, would have saved the city. But apart from Scripture, good men are everywhere felt to be Heaven's special favourites, and are put forth in seasons of calamity as likely to have power with God. This is not superstition. It is a healthy natural feeling, a fact of consciousness which every complete theory must embrace; and because not embraced by Dr. Bushnell, his theory is obviously incomplete.

Or to put the same point differently:—Although Dr. Bushnell makes frequent references to the moral unity of humanity in its relation to God and the world's desert, this relation is with singular inaptness omitted to be interpolated where its presence is most imperatively demanded. The Jesus Christ of the New Testament was not only an anthropomorphic revelation of God, but in every sense and relation a man. To lose sight of the humanity of Christ would give as fatal a blow to the Christian system as to lose sight of His Godhead. Now if the race be one, we may reason upon its relations as a unit, although separable into individuals, in the same way as we reason upon the relations of the individual as a unit, although separable into body and soul. We do so instinctively when we feel that good men place the world or entire humanity on better terms with Heaven. But if ordinary goodness have such influence in the courts above, what shall be said of the perfect righteousness of Christ? Has it no influence? Either one or the other of two alternatives must be accepted. Either the moral unity of

humanity is a fiction, or Christ as an integral portion of humanity raised the whole to a higher position in the Divine regards. But Dr. Bushnell cannot afford to dispense with humanity's unity, since it lies at the root of his theory. How can the philanthropist become "profoundly indented" with humanity, and "burdened in feeling with its evils," unless there be oneness? Indeed "identity" and "oneness," or "unity" are synonymous words. Since then Dr. Bushnell is, by his own system, and even by his own phraseology, shut up to the unity of humanity, he cannot be permitted to select such consequences as he chooses and reject others, but must be content to carry through the principle to all its inevitable results, one of which is that which we have indicated, namely, that the perfect righteousness of the man Christ has won for the whole race, and the world they dwell in, Heaven's special regards.

But these principles are too important to be passed over without further development; in order to which we will quote another of Dr. Bushnell's expositions of his theory:—

Christ bearing our sins means that He bore them on His feeling, became inserted into their bad lot by His sympathy as a friend. . . . Understand that love itself is an essentially vicarious principle . . . See how it is with love in the case of a mother. She loves her child, and it comes out in that fact, or from it, that she watches for the child, bears all its pains and sickness on her own feeling, and when it is wronged, is stung herself, by the wrong put upon it, more bitterly far than the child . . . In the same manner a friend that is real and true takes all the sufferings, losses, wrongs, indignities of a friend on his own feelings, and will sometimes suffer even more for him than he does for himself. So also with the patriot or citizen who truly loves his country . . . What a burden it does lay on his concern, by day and by night, when that country, so dear to him, is being torn by faction, and the fate of its laws and liberties is thrown upon the chances of an armed rebellion . . . Thus it is that every sort of love is found twining its feelings always into the feelings, and loss, and want, and woe of whatever people, or person, or enemy it loves; thus that God Himself took our sinning enmity upon His heart, painfully burdened by our broken state and travailing in all the deepest feelings of His nature, to recover us to Himself. And this it is which the cross and Vicarious Sacrifice of Jesus signify to us . . . There is a Gethsemane hid in all love, and when the fit occasion comes, no matter how great and high the subject may be, its heavy groaning will be heard—even as it was in Christ.

All this is very beautiful, and, so far as it is goes, correct; but it is not exhaustive. The sorrows of the afflicted child, of the suffering friend, of the distracted country, have had a moral origin—have they not? That origin was not the personal sins

of the particular child or friend ; but of the race at large. When therefore the loving mother bears her child's sorrow, she is not bearing her child's sins : she is herself one of the guilty race of whose sins the world's aggregate woes are the punishment. So of the loving friend, so of the patriot. But in the last instance the argument may be put even more pointedly. The nation's own wickedness may possibly be the immediate cause of its internal discord, and its misery may be a just punishment for its wickedness. The patriot, therefore, who may have been an active partizan, would have no right to say that he is bearing his country's sins, he being himself one of the sinners. He may in loving sympathy be bearing its sorrows more largely than others, but its sins are national ; they belong to him as his own right and property as much as to any other fellow-subject or citizen, who, with himself, have a joint interest in them. Can this be said of Christ ? Were the sins of the world His, in the same sense in which they are the right and property of every other human being ? If they were, what becomes of His divinity and absolute moral perfection ? If they were not, there is a sense in which His sorrows were vicarious, other than the sense for which Dr. Bushnell contends. His personal sorrows, as well as those that were philanthropic, were woes in which He had no personal inheritance. They did not belong to Him of right. He became involved in the calamities of the rebellious city, because, as an innocent stranger, He had taken up His abode in it to promote its welfare, and had for that purpose been naturalized. The sins are the world's sins, exclusive of Him. The sorrows are the world's sorrows, He included. Thus in a sense differing essentially from Dr. Bushnell's interpretation of the word, Christ's sufferings were vicarious—"He bore our sins" in their penal consequences and in that sense as well as others, "carried our sorrows."

We proceed further to test Dr. Bushnell's theory, by the application of other moral facts. The Christian consciousness, instead of arrogating to itself freedom from punishment, as of right, because of having ceased from sin, attributes its freedom to—what ? Certainly not to a subjective, but to an objective, ground. And that ground must be a righteous ground. The conscience can find repose on no ground other than one both objective and righteous. These facts of consciousness Dr. Bushnell admits, as will appear from our subsequent quotations, yet, strange to say, his theory does not embrace either. He says :—

The plan never was that created beings should be righteous in such a sense by their own works, or their own inherent force, as not to be derivatively righteous and by faith. They had and were eternally to

have their righteousing in God. Nothing will suffice but to come back, finite to Infinite, creature to Creator, and take derivatively what, in its nature, must be derivative, viz., the righteousness that was normally and for ever to be unto and upon all them that believe.

Here the ground of trust is supposed to be a subjective righteousness, not indeed inherent but derived. Yet, is not all subjective righteousness imperfect, even though derived? Does it not even seem to the Christian consciousness to become more and more imperfect in proportion as our moral nature advances in culture, as our standard rises higher, and as our moral perceptions become more refined? Dr. Bushnell admits that men are self-condemned when they are trying most to justify themselves," but he limits this result to cases in which they try to justify themselves by what he calls "their own works." Here, however, he falls into error. When men have no reference to the grace of God, but rely altogether upon their own natural efforts for attaining moral purity, the result is, not to increase their self-condemnation, but to puff them up with Pharasaic pride. The increase of humility and self-condemnation occurs only when their moral progress is real, and that happens only when they seek strength from God, and become "derivatively righteous." The question therefore returns—can a derived but subjective righteousness form a solid basis for conscientious quiet? We say most emphatically that it cannot. If there were no other reason, this is sufficient—the purer and more Godlike the conscience the less do we value our righteousness. How can that form a basis for conscientious quiet, which, as a basis, becomes narrower and narrower to our consciousness the greater its real worth!

Since then subjective righteousness, though derived and real, cannot become the foundation on which the conscience rests for peace, we are driven to seek a foundation out of ourselves. The conscience of necessity, not of choice, looks abroad for an objective basis, and Dr. Bushnell agrees with us in affirming that no basis will avail unless it be a basis of righteousness. He agrees with us also in finding such a basis in Christ. Hear Dr. Bushnell's own words:—

The real faith is this—the trusting of one's self over, sinner to Saviour, to be in Him, and of Him, and new characterized by Him, because it is only in that way that the power of Christ gets opportunity to work. So the sinner is justified, and the justification is a most vital affair, "the justification of life." The true account of it is that Jesus, coming into the world, with all God's righteousness upon Him, declaring it to guilty souls in all the manifold evidences of his life and

passion, wins their faith, and by that faith they are connected again with the life of God, and filled and overspread with his *righteousness*.

We say of these words what we said of a former quotation, that they admit of being understood in a sound orthodox sense, but that we do not think Dr. Bushnell intended them to be so understood. The righteousness of which he is speaking here and throughout is a subjective righteousness, whereas, to make the passage orthodox, the righteousness must be objective. And herein orthodoxy does no more, we repeat, than put forward a fact of consciousness, a fact, be it observed, which Dr. Bushnell will, in our next quotation, be seen to admit, namely, that the earnest conscience, in its quest after peace, escapes out of self. The righteousness it clings to must be an objective righteousness. This, we say, Dr. Bushnell admits. He does so often, but especially in the following passage which we feel compelled to quote in order to support our assertion, although we do so with reluctance, inasmuch as some may think it to justify a charge against our author of encouraging untruthfulness. It is not, however, in that aspect that we regard his words. They appear to us to exhibit a mind placed in a dilemma. On one side is the theory to which Dr. Bushnell has publicly committed himself, and which he, at all hazards, feels bound in honour to maintain. On the other side are facts of consciousness brought prominently before him as a public teacher, which he is too honest to suppress; and yet he feels that his theory is not in harmony with them. Under the pressure of this collision, he is bold enough to fancy that God has contrived, for practical purposes, a form of thought, idealistic thought, which has no reality in the outer world; and this form of thought he advises to be preached, but in a non-natural sense, implicitly assigning as his reason for such advice that his own theory, though by him pronounced the true one, is not fitted to strike the conscience unless dressed up in the garb of the orthodox theory. The whole of this singular suggestion deserves for many reasons attentive consideration, but chiefly for the reason we have in quoting it—its admission of moral facts:—

Besides the outward figure of the facts of Christianity occurring under conditions of space and time, and significant to human feeling in that manner, God has contrived a thought-form, to assist us in that kind of use which may conduct us into the desired state of practical reconciliation with Himself. In the facts, outwardly regarded, there is no sacrifice, or oblation, or atonement, or propitiation, but simply a living and dying thus and thus. . . . Plainly there is a want here, and this want is met by giving a thought-form to the facts which is not in the facts themselves.

(Dr. Bushnell should have said—"which is not in his *theory* of them.")

They are put directly into the moulds of the altar, and we are called to accept the crucified God-man as our sacrifice, an offering or oblation for us, our propitiation But the principal reason for setting forth the matter of Christ's life and death as an oblation remains to be stated; viz., *the necessity of somehow preventing an over-conscious state in the receiver. by putting us into a use of the Gospel so entirely objective, as to scarcely suffer a recoil on our consciousness at all.* The sacrificial offering was in form an offering wholly to God, even as the smoke rolls up from the altar and comes not back So, when I conceive that Christ is my offering before God, my own choice Lamb and God's, brought to the slaying, and that for my sin, my thought moves *wholly outward* and upward, bathing itself in the goodness and grace of the sacrifice In this manner coming unto Christ, or to God through Christ, in the symbols of sacrifice, *we make an escape, as it were, from ourselves and that state of consciousness which is the bane of religion* Oppressed with guilt, we should turn ourselves joyfully to Christ as the propitiation for our sins, Christ, who hath borne the curse for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. We should cry in our prayers;—"O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world, take away our sins;" or, thinking of that sacred blood, by whose drops that fell as touches of life on the world's grand altar, Calvary, we should cry—"Wash us, O Christ, in the blood of Thy cross and make us clean;" or wanting, *in despair of ourselves*, some helper and friend *to bear the sins we cannot bear ourselves*, we should take up tenderly the words of the poet, if not in his meaning, yet in the meaning which they ought to have:—

" My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

We want, in short, to use these altar-terms, just as freely as they are used by those who accept the formula of expiation, or judicial satisfaction for sin; in just their manner too, when they are using the most practically. Indeed, it is one of the enviable advantages of their scheme that they are able to use them freely."

It would be easy to multiply quotations and criticisms such as we have already presented to our readers; but if what we have said has not made clear the defects in Dr. Bushnell's system, we despair of making them clearer by further discussion. We should occupy space without corresponding advantage, were we to follow his reasonings through their more intricate windings. It is enough that we expose his leading errors.

We should not have been indisposed to join Dr. Bushnell in his

severe censure of scholastic theologians, had our present purpose lain in that direction. Their peddling, narrow-minded treatment of the grand Gospel scheme, and their silly fears of a discussion which, if wisely conducted, could not fail to end in the furtherance of truth, have, no doubt, been a great hinderance thereto. And here it is that one perceives the disadvantage of vast connexional communities, bound both morally and legally by fixed articles. They have among them no freedom of inquiry and, for want of this, their connexional advantages are dearly purchased. The Congregational Churches are happily free from such thralldom, and they may be expected to lead the way therefore, as they are now doing, to a higher style of religious thought and diction.

As public journalists, however, it is our duty to be upon our watch-tower, and give warning if while prudent friends are labouring about the walls, an enemy appear. Some eager speculatists would mar the Gospel in their attempts to simplify it. They advance far beyond the line which, having reference to human infirmity, one might permit them to overstep a little, in free discussion. But how excellent soever their motives, any wide departure from evangelical truth ought not to pass uncorrected. It is of the greatest possible importance, while we see our foes in rank before us, and notice with what alertness and energy they muster, that we keep our forces marshalled and well in hand. Dr. Bushnell's scheme is not one with which we could engage to fight a successful battle for evangelical truth. It leaves undefended some of Christianity's strongest positions. We would rather trust ourselves to the command of an old Puritan general than to one of Dr. Bushnell's stamp. Yet his book has gained great commendation, and been widely circulated. It even passes among many of the better-educated members of our evangelical churches as a polished edition of a vulgar creed. In this we detect cause to fear that, while in modern days the tide of religious knowledge has spread over an extensive area, it is very shallow. Theology is not studied as a science, as it ought to be. Nor can we anticipate that it ever will be so studied, until Christian teachers betake themselves to the task of probing more deeply the human heart, collecting the facts which every such examination will expose to view, and making those facts, in combination with the Scriptural principles they illustrate, the foundation of public discourse.

Turning from Dr. Bushnell, no one can rise up from the perusal of Dr. Young's volume, without a deep impression that its author is under the influence of strong religious feelings, as well as endowed with vast intellectual power. His severance from

the Evangelical party in the Christian church is, for that reason, an event much to be deplored; for in these days of scepticism and strife, the cause of truth requires the combination of different classes of mind and shades of thought, as greatly as it needs unity and strength.

The dissonance between the creed Dr. Young held once and the creed he holds now, between his present views and the views he attributes to his former associates, is not however the question we intend to consider. He may have formerly gone as much too far in one direction as he now goes in the contrary direction, and the oscillating pendulum may have yet to seek a midway position before it attains perfect rest.

The doctrine of Atonement—meaning thereby Christ's sacrifice contemplated as the common ground upon which God and man meet on terms of righteous reconciliation—is, in our view, the crucial doctrine of the Christian system. Our author's present views on this great doctrine are, we think, imperfect. He deals with only one section of it. Whether with that section he deals accurately, we shall not stay to consider. For the purpose of this article, let us take it for granted that he does. Our exclusive business is to supply what he omits.

According to Dr. Young, the import of the Christian sacrifice is exhausted in the fact that God in Christ tabernacled upon earth and, fashioned as a man, laboured for man's spiritual renovation, sacrificing dignity and ease, and submitting to penury, toil, rejection, bodily and mental suffering, even a martyr's death, in the prosecution of his philanthropic enterprise.

The entire life of Christ on earth was sacrificial, substitutionary, and vicarious; its deep and sole ground was love of man, based on the fact of man's sin, which created the need of redemption. All in all, Christ was a mere, pure sacrifice, and nothing but a sacrifice—a sacrifice to God; but more truly still, and in the highest sense of all, a sacrifice made by God for men. Christ lived, emphatically he died, wholly and solely for men and for sin: to put away sin, to redeem the human soul from sin—not so much from punishment, which was only a secondary result, but from sin.

It is quite true that the human in our great Redeemer was not a mere passive instrument, but a perfectly voluntary agent. The human will, not passively, but freely and gladly harmonized with the Divine, and when death was inevitable Jesus voluntarily and wholly gave himself up to God, for the accomplishment of God's purposes, an offering and a sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour. But it abides none the less true, that in the highest sense the sacrifice for men was made by God. Christ was God's, Christ was God, God in the form of man, God expressed and pronounced, so far as it was possible for a created medium to give forth the uncreated reality. The infinite Father, in boundless

pity, looked down on His undutiful children, and yearned to rescue them, by regaining their hearts, and drawing them back to allegiance and to peace. With god-like mercy, He unveiled all which was possible of Divine purity, and truth, and beauty, and sweetness, and lovingness, and compassion—He humbled Himself, descended to the level of His creatures, walked among them, spoke with them face to face, and appealed as He still continues to appeal to their hearts, through the gentleness, the tenderness, the wisdom, the meekness, the patience, the sufferings, the tears, the blood, and the death of Jesus Christ. . . . The sacrifice was not offered up by men at all, or by a substitute in their room. . . . The sacrifice was not offered by men to God, but was made by God for men, wholly and solely made by God for men, and for sin, in order that sin might be for ever put down, and rooted out of human nature.

In these passages we have a complete development of Dr. Young's scheme, and admitting for the purpose of the present discussion that his scheme portrays truly the making and completion of the sacrifice, we naturally ask—what follows? Does God leave His work without contemplating its results? When the Creator called the physical universe into existence, the sacred narrative tells us that He surveyed the workmanship of His hands, after the whole had been finished, and pronounced it "good." Does nothing analogous take place after finishing the work of redemption? Is there nothing suggestive in the words, "Therefore doth my Father love me," "He saw of the travail of His soul and was satisfied," "For the joy that was set before Him," &c.?

These questions would have been pertinent had the redeeming work, like the work of creation, been merely an exercise of the Divine will, and not been complicated by the interposition of man's free agency. But inasmuch as there was, by Dr. Young's own admission, the human will of Christ acting freely, that of itself creates a relation between God and Christ's sacrificial work which demands of us that we press the question, "In what light after the work was done, did God regard it?"

But, if the interposition of Christ's human will give necessarily a reflex aspect to the outgoing of Divine love in sacrifice, the same consequence further results from the interposition of the human wills of all on whom such outgoing successfully operates. Sacrifice is in its initiation, according to Dr. Young's idea of it, pure love contemplating a moral victory; in its completion, it is victory achieved. But the achieved victory comprises elements other than the moral power that achieved it. It comprises human wills voluntarily turned heavenward, constrained, doubtless, by Divine love, yet exercised freely—man's free agency moving in harmony with Christ's renovating power. Now Christ's sacrifice thus completed, is something very

different from its first initiation. The current, which at first moved only *from* God, now moves back *to* God. Renovated human hearts ask for the Divine approval. God's judgment has to be pronounced upon them, and it is to be a judgment of righteousness. Observe, also, that the judgment thus challenged is not limited to the manner in which the immediate objects of it have exercised their free agency. It extends to the whole of that work of sacrifice whereof the foundations have been laid, like the foundations of a vast pyramid, in God's love, Christ's incarnation, the life of the God-man, his tragic death, and his life and death's moral power, piled up in massive grandeur and crowned with their "very highest purpose"—man redeemed from the thralldom of sin.

Again, then, the question recurs—What is God's reflex judgment on Christ's completed sacrifice? The answer to this question opens out a vein of thought upon which Dr. Young's pen has not employed itself. It is a branch of the inquiry which appears wholly to have escaped his attention. And yet the point is neither abstruse nor remote, but lies upon the surface, and is even obtruded upon us by our Christian instincts, for while well aware that all the good that is in us is the work of the Spirit of God, our instincts tell us that, if holy, He looks upon us with approval, and pronounces a moral judgment *on His own work*.

It is therefore no objection to what we are about to urge, that, sacrifice being God's spontaneous act, any reflex judgment upon it would be out of place. Were that so, there could be no judgment of God upon any thing but evil. He could then pronounce no judgment upon holiness, because He is himself the only source of holiness, and all of it that shines in heaven above or in earth beneath is but His light. Such a notion would be at variance with first principles; and at variance even with many passages in Dr. Young's own book. He says—

Wherever, a human being truly feels the burden of inward evil, and is penetrated and subdued by the thought of Divine love, and trusts in pure, mere mercy, he is justified, rightened *before God*, and the very highest purpose of the cross, and of the bleeding Lamb that hung upon it, is to create and secure this result.

The objection, we anticipated, being thus removed, the words "before God" admitting that, although the Christ-sacrifice is God's spontaneous act, He may and does pronounce a moral judgment upon both the act and its results, let us, in order to get distinctly at the idea, view it in two or three different aspects before we draw from it any conclusion.

Here then we have before us the work of sacrifice. Dr. Young calls it God's work ; we call it Christ's work ; but this distinction it is not needful further to note. The theatre of its exhibition is earth, and the physical destinies of the planet are dependent upon the moral character of its inhabitants. Christ's sacrifice has redeemed the world—what does that mean ? Dr. Young says it means that men have been thereby redeemed from the power of sin. But, adopting Dr. Young's reply, if the world's population have been redeemed from the power of sin, has not the world itself, like repentant Nineveh, been thereby saved from destruction ? In this sense, therefore, if there were no other, the sacrifice offered on earth ascends up with a sweet savour from earth to heaven ; affecting the Divine purposes, and placing earth's continued existence, as the arena of probation, and probably also as the paradise of reward, on righteous grounds. Now this is an aspect of sacrifice wholly different from that presented by Dr. Young. According to him, "the sacrifice was not offered by men to God, nor by a substitute in their room, but was made by God for men ;" and considered as the spontaneous act of God's love, this may be right. But our author has quite forgotten God's reflex judgment on the Christ-sacrifice, a judgment which regards the sacrifice as transacted on earth and as sending up its plea to heaven. Here the question of the *meritoriousness* of the sacrifice becomes all important. In the view just presented, earth's redemption from destruction is strictly *purchased* by Christ's work—mark ! *purchased* ! the very language of the old school.

Next, we ask Dr. Young whether, on the assumption that the world's redemption has changed the Divine purpose in regard to its destiny, such change of purpose is to be referred to a period before history or in history, and if in history, whether to the time of our Lord's incarnation, or what other time ? It cannot be referred to the final development of the redeeming scheme, according to Dr. Young's interpretation of it, inasmuch as that would carry us up to and beyond the consummation of all things, and the world's historic destiny would thus anticipate the Divine resolve concerning it, which is impossible. It cannot be referred to the incarnation, for Dr. Young conceives, and we think rightly, that all dispensations of religion preceding Christianity stood related to it as twilight to the day, and were part therefore of the redeeming process. Thus are we carried back to a period before history, to the date of God's eternal decrees, and we are unable to escape the conclusion that the sacrifice of redemption existed in the eternal counsels of God as a righteous reason why the world's destiny was adjudged to

be that which Scripture predicates and which, so far, history records. "*Eternal counsels!*" Another vestige of the old theology!

But narrowing the illustration to an individual case, what happens when Christ's work induces the repentance and conversion of any one man? Dr. Young will say of him, that he is redeemed from the power of sin by Christ's self-sacrificing labour to promote that end. Well, but does not his changed character change the relation in which he stands to God as his moral governor and judge? If so, that which caused the change of character must be the primary cause of the change of relation. Now what does this, change of relation mean? Does it not mean that the man who before his moral renewal was an object of God's displeasure has since been received into his favour? Then on what grounds has this change in the Divine judgment taken place? On grounds of pure mercy? Or on righteous grounds? If on righteous grounds, you have here Christ's sacrifice operating meritoriously—Christ's merits displacing man's demerits, and turning away God's displeasure. What is this but expiation? Moral satisfaction? Yet "expiation" and "satisfaction" are words which Dr. Young repudiates.

Or, to put the same general idea in another form: God and man are at variance and seek to be reconciled. The sacrifice of Christ is to be the basis of reconciliation. Two negotiating parties, although they have one basis, look at it from different stand-points and in different aspects. To the Divine mind the work of Christ recommends itself because of its foreseen efficiency, and all on whom it is foreseen to be savingly operative Heaven's smile already greets. But on what grounds? If moral efficiency be the ground of approval, the Christ-sacrifice has clearly become the basis of agreement *because* it is a sacrifice of righteousness. To the renewed heart it is also a sacrifice of righteousness as having been the sole operative cause of its renewal. On neither side is the initiation or completion of the work looked at *apart* from its progress. God's mercy, pure and simple mercy, is not the only thing looked at by man; nor is the moral change in the human heart the *only* thing looked at by either God or man. Both look at the sacrifice in its entirety; both are influenced by considerations of righteousness, of meritoriousness, and to neither is any merit apparent except in Christ.

The testimony borne to this momentous truth by the Christian consciousness must by no means be lost sight of. Indeed, on this single fact of consciousness we are content to rest the whole issue. Does not the Christian consciousness, passing over its

change of character as devoid of merit before God, instinctively refer its conscious acceptance directly and exclusively to the meritorious work of Christ? Does not every true penitent say of his repentance,—“I wish to repent, but am unable to feel as penitent as I ought to feel; if my acceptance with God depend upon the perfection of my repentance, I must give up in despair”? Nor does he ever find a solid ground of hope until he abandons introvision and looks away from himself to the objective work of Christ. So of the advanced Christian. He, even more oblivious of himself than the new convert, can find nothing in half a century’s self-sacrificing toil for others’ good which can afford him a foundation for confidence. Everything in his heart and life are, to his high standard and refined spiritual taste, so repulsive that he loathes himself. Introvision alarms him, and *forces* him to Christ as his last hope.

We do not doubt that in giving utterance to these sentiments we shall carry along with us Dr. Young’s own Christian feelings and, without exception, the feelings of all truly Christian men. Our difficulty is not in demonstrating the truth of the fact, but in giving it significance. Is this fact of consciousness an expression of an objective fact? Consciousness tells us, that we cannot stand before a holy God accepted, unless we are seeking to be made morally like Him. Thus far Scripture affirms the objective truth. Consciousness further tells us that although we may be seeking after holiness, our attainment of it is very slow and very imperfect, and that we can have no claim to God’s favour on the ground of personal merit. Here again Scripture verifies the objective truth. Conscience becomes uneasy: Scripture offer a free salvation and, intellectually, I accept the offer. But conscience wants to be assured that I am within the terms of the offer. The thought recurs and severely presses—that a holy God cannot remain permanently reconciled except with holy souls; it must be a reconciliation on a righteous basis, and it is essential to the satisfaction of my conscience that I feel it to be so. The sacrifice of Christ was an efflux from a righteous as well as a loving God, designed to make me righteous, and was therefore emphatically righteous in its purpose and arrangement. Hence, unable to think better of myself than as simply wishing to be righteous, I fall back upon God’s purpose concerning me in Christ, upon Christ’s sacrifice; not upon the subjective moral result of Christ’s sacrifice but upon the sacrifice itself, not upon my own merits but upon Christ’s.

Is not this Christianity? Is it not evangelical Christianity? Is it not a species of evangelicism which even Dr. Young’s former associates might permit to pass, although it is not exactly what they would choose? Yet to this, Dr. Young’s own scheme

necessarily leads if carried through to its results. His error lies in not carrying it through, but in stopping short in the midst of his own theory. The consequence is that he assails the views of his opponents with arguments which, if just, would tell equally against himself.

Of this class are all those arguments which he directs against the doctrine of Divine satisfaction. No doubt, as held by some, it is open to our author's severest censures. But in these cases it is the form of expression that is to be objected to, rather than the thing itself. In itself, Atonement, Reconciliation, Satisfaction, Expiation, is but the form given in thought and words, to that fact of consciousness wherein is disclosed the *utter inability* of the Christian conscience to rest upon subjective righteousness as the ground of acceptance with God. Yet a base of confidence is necessary. The fullest persuasion of God's infinite and eternal love will not, of itself, give peace to any troubled conscience, in the face of the fact that God receives to His favours those only who repent and obey Him. I wish to repent, I wish to obey, and in this wish there is the recognition of the necessity of a righteous foundation, but not the foundation itself. Where do I find it? Here is a felt want, a fact of consciousness, which, in its evolution, will assume the form of dogma. This fact, we say, constitutes the germ of the doctrine of Atonement, and the different modes in which different minds construe the fact, have, as much as different constructions of Holy Writ, originated the multiplied diverse theories which modern times have produced. Nor need we feel surprise that such diversity of opinion should exist. See how metaphysicians differ in their modes of construing those facts of consciousness which relate to the mind's most ordinary operations! What wonder, then, if similar differences exist with regard to matters of so much higher import!

But, howsoever the fact be construed, we have said enough to convict Dr. Young's volume of the crime of excluding all that the fact involves. Dr. Young has limited his investigation to God's spontaneous love in providing and acting out the sacrifice, but he wholly omits God's reflex judgment on Christ's completed work. He, consequently, fights all his battles at the wrong place, and gains an easy victory. But let him meet the same foes in the part of the journey he has not yet travelled, and, if not absolutely defeated, he would have to sue for peace.

We have thus again called our readers' attention to Dr. Bushnell's volume from a sense of its pressing and immense importance; while the remarks we have made on the volume of Dr. Young do not contradict the impression we have some months since conveyed, on its great and admirable beauties.

IV.

RITUALISM:

“WHEREWITHAL SHALL WE BE CLOTHED?”
ALTAR-LIGHTS IN DAY-TIME.*

THESE writers, a sample only of innumerable others whose pamphlets and books we might similarly have strung together, seem determined to remove from our literature that singular and ignominious desideratum, charged upon it in the first pages of *Sartor Resartus*. Considering, says that remarkable production, our present advanced state of culture, and how the torch of science has been brandished and borne about, igniting rushlights and sulphur matches, illuminating every cranny, and every hole, in nature or art, “it might strike the reflective mind “with some surprise that hitherto, little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of philosophy or history “has been written on the subject of clothes. Teufelsdröckh perceived that society was founded on cloth; and these industrious gentlemen are bringing a mass of scholarship and learning from all the ages, and illuminating it by the rays of a far-glancing and subtle symbolism, to give to us the precious history and philosophy, whose absence our English Teufelsdröckh deplored. There can be no doubt, as an eminent Dean of their own church, Swift, expressed it, that without these symbolic clothings, which seem to them to be the glory, the mystery, and beauty of church exis-

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- *1. *The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day.* By various Writers. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. Longmans.
 2. *Wherewithal shall we be Clothed? A Second Letter on Rite and Ceremony, to a Friend in Town.* Dorrell & Son.
 3. *The Ornaments of Ministers. A Charge Delivered at Lewes, on Wednesday, June 6th; and at Hastings, on Friday, June 8th.* By William Bruere Otter, M.A., Archdeacon of Lewes. Rivingtons.
 4. *The Altar and its Lights. An Appeal to the Members of the Holy Catholic Church in England.* By the Rev. W. J. Coope, A.M. Oxon., and Rector of Falmouth, Cornwall. The Church Press Company.
 5. *The Ornaments of the Church not Catholic only, but Scriptural. A Lecture Delivered at Brighton and Liverpool.* By the Hon. Colin Lindsay. The Church Press Company.

tence, "man is but a forked, straddling animal, with bandy-legs." We hope we are not mere mockers, sneerers, and scoffers in any matters involving the highest convictions of men, but in all this infinitely Babylonian chatter about rituals, with rubrics, and the dissensions interminable about priestly dresses and preaching-dresses, Surplices and Stoles, Copes and Chasubles, Albs and Amices, Cassocks and Dalmatics, Hoods, Maniples and Rochets; the Gown, the Scarf, etc., etc., is infinitely amusing to us; and, as Congregationalists, it might be presumed, perhaps not unnaturally, that we might let the whole thing alone, and go on our own way. If we adopt another course, it is not because we have any faith that words of ours would be likely to reach any of these most remarkable *millenarians*, or would have any influence upon them if they did; but first, we are really interested in the curious spectacle of immense masses, many of them really most intelligent, eloquent, and scholarly men—of course, with the appropriate following of vain fops and silly women—drifting off to this chaos of clothes; this new ecclesiastical "Petticoat Lane," set up in one of the broadest High-streets of these times of modern progress. Then, we are not quite so certain of our own safety, as Nonconformists, in the midst of all these things; we despair of making any impression upon the Ritualists; but, assuredly, the Ritualists are making impression upon us. Dr. Littledale, to whose paper we shall refer more at length, says—perhaps with too much boldness, but with, we fear, sufficient truth—"The Tractarians are in fair legal possession of their position in the Church of England." He goes on to say, "The most remarkable fact is the flocking in of Dissenters, and of the numbers of the small-tradesman class in general, from which the ranks of Dissent have been hitherto recruited, and which is traditionally considered to be rootedly hostile to ceremonial observances." Then, it seems a desirable thing to keep constantly before our eyes, our point of separation, a point which, we believe, has lately been much lost sight of. One thing we accept as certain, the Tractarian, or Ritualistic party in the Church of England is beyond all comparison the most powerful religious party in these realms; what we call Evangelical Low Churchism has now dwindled down to almost non-existent insignificance; this has been abundantly shown at the Church Congresses; and when death shall remove, which we pray may be long hence, that eminently useful man and admirable orator, Dr. McNeile, unless some miracle be wrought in its favour, Low Churchism may be considered as consigned to the vault. Its bad temper, narrowness, and, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Birks, its eminent ignorance have made it a deplorable failure in its mission

to English society, and have assuredly only prepared the way for the striking and marvellous successes of the Ritualistic Church among the people; therefore, the foundations of the struggle with Ritualism must be made clear, for that a time of close warfare is approaching cannot, we think, be doubted; and, in some way, individuals must be taught to ask the question whether their religion centres round pictures, priests, robes, and flowers, or round a living inborn conviction of the living immortal soul? In such a contest we may assure ourselves at first, we shall never be likely to have numbers; we must then know our own knowledge, its foundations, its meaning, and weight against the mob; the quality and the character of our faith. "What is the chaff to the wheat?" saith the Lord.

If, amidst the strange shrieks and feminine dissonances upon the clothes question, a spirit within us prompts to laughter, this is no more than what has moved churchmen themselves in other times. A useful little tract, and very likely to be read, if put in circulation, would be Dean Swift's *Tale of a Tub*; it was written to rebuke these follies; does not the controversy remind us of the great shoulder-knot question, beneath which symbol, the Dean ridiculed the first introduction of pageantry and unnecessary ornament into the Church; ornaments which, in the Church, could have neither convenience nor edification. The times came when Peter and Jack were not satisfied with the coats their father had left them, although made of very good cloth, and very neatly sewn, so that they seemed all of a piece, yet without any ornament, Peter and Jack came up to town and adopted the shoulder-knot, all the world was paying homage to shoulder-knots; there was no approaching the ladies without the shoulder-knot. "That fellow," said one, "has no soul, he has not a shoulder-knot." It is the very pith of the discussion still, the shoulder-knot is the symbol. We find very little courtesy in these Tractarian gentlemen; we shall cite some pleasant quotations presently, illustrative of their chaste and amiable Christian spirit; and why this manifestation from them? but because Dissenters or Nonconformists are fellows who do not wear shoulder-knots. The preacher is no longer a preacher if he wear no shoulder-knot; the Bible is no longer a Bible if given by a hand that does not own a shoulder-knot; the church is no longer a church, and Divine service no longer Divine service, unofficiated in by the sect of the shoulder-knots. Hence, the insolence, all but invariably indulged in by these remarkable people, and of which we have plenty of illustrations in the works before us. Singular, that men, who profess so to have learned Christ,

cannot speak with respect of those who assuredly love His name ; and, however deplorably ignorant and destitute of shoulder-knots, believe that they believe in Him, and, although a poor, misguided set of wretches, to be “consigned,” says the Rev. Baring-Gould, in Mr. Orby Shipley’s volume, “to the bats and “to the owls ;” certainly, numbering on their side, half the religious population of England, infinitely the largest proportion of the United States, and the Australian colonies, with almost the whole population of the young empire of Prussia.*

Many of the remarks we are about to offer, may seem to be wanting in that respect which it is our duty and our profession to feel for “all who in any place call on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ ;” our readers will all bear us witness, and members of other churches than ours, that we have not been wanting, when proper occasion has offered, in terms of affectionate regard either to Ritualists or Romanists ; but the present seems to be a time when a clear and strong exhibition of the intolerance of these new *doctrinaires* is needed ; at the same time, even in the volume before us, in the essays on “Infanticide,” on “Education,” and many other kindred topics, there is evidence of an interest in questions related to the social misery, or the social well-being of the people, and which we must imitate, if we would compete with them in power over the minds of the people ; again, we desire to express respect for self-denying, holy, ardent labour, even when the course of it is more than doubtful. We think, indeed, the whole thing does illustrate a pensive shallowness of conviction ; an order of mind which we believe usually would stand no very rugged handling nor beating about ; it is the sign of sensuousness, which is another name for materialism. These things, we declare, are not said discourteously, but when we find it the fashion to decry Nonconformist services on account of their hard, material, routine, we may be permitted to remind such accusers that modern Ritualism has really grown out of the materialism of sense and science reared in this age. The splendid impressions and sensations produced by the achievements of modern discovery have made a feebler order of mind desirous of rivalling, by the sensuousness of religious service, the sensuousness of civic and scientific splendour ; the temple unadorned, without a rite, in which the soul is left to its own free movement, must, we should suppose, strike every mind as less material than the

* Mr. Baring-Gould admits the importance of obtaining Dissenters ; and in the following passage he confesses the ultimate design of the Ritualists, in language, which if coarse enough, is also distinct enough.

impatient wreathings, and intertwinings, and agonies of foliated architecture, painting, incense, etc., to express necessary wants and conditions of the soul. In a word, the aim of the party is to subdue the soul to the sense; the aim of those spiritual teachers, upon whom they look with contempt and pour the cruelty of their insufferable scorn, is to lift the soul out of the night of sense and pictures, into a region where it becomes only aware that it is a Divinely-informed consciousness, and that a movement towards its Redeemer cancels the need of all other service.

I.

What is the cause of these things? How is it that this wonderful Ritualism has come about? From the utter recklessness of Protestantism, from its quarrels and contentions over intangible trifles, and impossible, and impracticable puerilities. We implore our readers closely to consider in what the great strength of Ritualism has consisted, and what are its aims and boasts. The second paper in Mr. Shipley's volume is by the Rev. Dr. Littledale, a rector, we believe, near Norwich, and quite a leading man in the confraternity of Ritualists. The title of his paper is most pregnantly suggestive in its boldness, as it is equally bold in its treatment and statements, it is entitled, "The Missionary Aspect of Ritualism." He says, "He makes out a case in favour of the millinery-loving clergy," (his own words), "against the unproved charge of neglecting their 'specified duties.'" We say, the paper is thorough-going; he stands up resolutely for Ritualism; he says, "Ritualism is the 'object lesson of religion;'" he charges upon Dissent, what we fear is, for the most part, very true, that it "does not deal with 'the very destitute and the needy.'" He says, for want of this Ritualism, this object lesson, "the shopkeepers and artisans 'have gone to Dissent, and the labourers have gone to the devil;'" and what will our startled readers think of this passage, in which Dr. Littledale, well-known and much-respected minister of the Church of England, in our day, stands up a very Friar Littledale, crucifix in hand, and compels no other than Charles Kingsley to stand by his side, also holding up the crucifix among the wild Arabs and Bedouins of our population:—

Any one who chooses to bring the whole Ritual question to a simple test, may do so effectually thus:—Take two street-Arabs, perfectly ignorant of Christianity. Read to one of them the Gospel narrative of the Passion, and comment on it as plainly as may be. Show the other a crucifix, and tell him simply what it means. Question each a week

afterwards, and see which has the clearer notions about the history of Calvary. And in the matters of dealing with children, and with the ignorant, who are children in mind, the whole matter may be fitly summed up in the words of a popular author who is no friend to Tractarians. In *Yeast* we read:—

"It is by pictures and music, by art and song, and symbolic representations, that all nations have been educated in their adolescence; and as the youth of the individual is exactly analogous to the youth of the collective race, we should employ the same means of instruction with our children which succeeded in the early ages with the whole world."

Dr. Littledale, we assure our readers, does not mince the matter, nor beat round the bush; he accepts the whole thing with all its issues and consequences. You tell him, that good preaching, vigorous preaching, ministers to the cravings of the imagination, and supplies moral stimulus and aliment; he laughs at you, perhaps asks you if you ever heard good preaching? He says, "Good preaching is among the rarest of good things, rarer even than good acting, because it requires a wider range of physical and mental gifts." He would remind you that, "the majority of actors on the stage are mere sticks," so their acting is aided by the adventitious splendour of scenery, processions, music, and gorgeous spectacles; he actually goes on to argue that we must adopt this principle in Divine worship! He evidently implies that the majority of preachers are "mere sticks." What, then, must we do? Why, he continues, "That no public worship is really deserving of its name unless it be histrionic," and pray, of what illustration, further, do our readers think that Dr. Littledale avails himself? The *histrionic*, we all know, is the *theatrical*. Worship, therefore, is to be theatrical; but he descends lower yet, to an illustration so coarse, that we are amazed that a man of culture, a scholar, and with poetic sensibilities in him, could have used it; our readers shall have the benefit of it entire and un mutilated:—

There is no institution so widely and universally popular amongst the London poor as the gin-palace. Given the craving for drink, and it would seem that no additional inducement would be needful to lure customers across the threshold, and to retain them as long as possible on the premises. Yet it is not so. A gin-palace, whose entrance is up a couple of steps from the footway, or whose doors do not swing open readily at a touch, is at a commercial disadvantage when compared with others on the street level and with patent hinges. Nay, more, internal decoration, abundant polished metal and vivid colour, with plenty of bright light, is found to pay, and to induce people to stay on drinking, just because every thing is so pretty and cheerful to the eye, and so unlike the squalid discomfort of their own sordid homes. Many land-

lords have found even all this insufficient, without the additional attraction of music; and the low singing-hall is sure to indicate the most thriving drinking-shops in the worst quarters of the metropolis. If then, painting, light, and music are found necessary adjuncts in a trade which has already enlisted on its side one of the strongest of human passions, it is the merest besotted folly to reject their assistance, when endeavouring to persuade men to accept and voluntarily seek an article for which they have never learnt to care, even if they are not actively hostile to it—to wit, Religion.

For our part, we accept Dr. Littledale's pleasant imagery; we believe it exactly represents the whole thing; it is a matter of intoxication in both cases. According to this confession the Ritualists are the dram distillers for the beggared, wretched, and starving of the community; and, remembering whence these churches and their priests derive their power, their license, and their pay, we recommend Dr. Littledale to bring about an inscription, to be placed over all these churches, "*Licensed to be drunk on the premises.*" But, in truth, this earnest man has made his argument contemptible; he pleads the usages of Odd-Fellows and Foresters at their business meetings, with their processions, badges, music, and banners; and, therefore, these, or the like of them should be introduced as a part of the ritual of the Church of England. There are arguments for Ritualism which we respect when the appeal is made to the long hereditary usages derived from the ancient church; or when the question is put upon the footing of symbol, and illustration of dogma or truth—a whiff of breath indeed seems to us from our point of view to blow all away; but when Ritualism derives its apology from the foot-lights of a theatre, the tinsel ornaments of mimic kings and queens upon the boards; and worse still, the serpent lights, the impudent brass, the meretricious painting and gilding of the gin-palace, it seems to us that Ritualism is indeed hard-up for an argument; and yet Dr. Littledale certainly gives point to the remark we made just now. Does not Dr. Littledale know that before now it has been pointed out that Ritualism is most possible in the state approaching to the condition of barbarism? that state pictured to us in the Book of Judges, in the instance of Micah with his molten image and teraphim; when superstition has utterly dislodged right reason; when forms are of more importance and more sacred than duties; when godliness is comprehended in, and synonymous with, costly church furniture; when, as among the bandits of Spain or Italy, scrupulous acts of devotion pay for the permission to commit great crimes, and a great villain may also be a great saint. This was how Micah's Ritualism came about; and, as a nation, we have forgotten that

there is always a tendency in society, however excellent its usages, laws, or founders may be, to decline into barbarism. Religious principle alone really fortifies society, otherwise there arises another "generation which know not the Lord, neither the works He has done for Israel." Think of the neighbourhoods where the Ritualists obtain most favour; the people from whom they obtain most favour; then think of that dark national time of Israel's history when wrongs were redressed by uprisings, and outrages became flagrant; when the roads and communication were destroyed; when the villages ceased, and there was no passage through the country; and the arts perished, so that there was not a smith left in the country, and the people were obliged to go down to the Philistines to have an axe or a mattock sharpened; and religion fell into confusion, so that Jehovah and all other gods stood upon a par, and the smoke of the incense sought to conciliate God *and* Baal—a state of social barbarism; and this is that state in which a man's religious nature only makes itself known in mummeries and follies, and symbols; rites, incense, costly robes, and priestly shows. We have such a state of society at our very doors, and multitudes know it not, joined to as much religious knowledge as ever blessed any age, we have as profound a religious darkness as ever gloomed any age; hence it is, we are astonished at the spectacle of masses from the English nation rapidly going over to Ritualism. It is because of the barbarism at our doors, of which we do not know; and then rise men, like Dr. Littledale—he is only one of a host—who bear down to this benighted state the ephod or the surplice, who turn the crucifix into a teraphim, prepare the way for the molten image of Mary, and inspire the multitudes of the ignorant with the cry of Micah, "Now I know that the Lord will do me good, seeing that I have a Levite to my priest," or, if these things be absent, only extorting the pathetic exclamation, "Ye have taken away my god which I made, and the priest, and what have I more?" Have we not truly indicated a state of society in which "object lessons" have become the only mode of access to a besotted mass of ignorant, unreasoning, superstitious minds?

II.

Here we believe is its origin and stronghold; what is the nature of it? What are its limitations? Another paper in Mr. Shipley's volume is entitled "Reasonable Limits of Lawful Ritualism," by the Rev. W. Perry, of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels', one of the more than semi-papistical edifices

of Brighton. Mr. Perry very sensibly commences by proposing two questions. First, "Can these things be right?" Second, "Where are we to stop?" To our view these two questions are very closely related; for believing that this symbolic service is right, the history of church symbols assures us that it is capable of a perfectly illimitable extension. Durandus is the great authority we believe in these matters—he was born A.D. 1220, and died in 1296. He was chaplain to Pope Clement IV. He was also military, and captain of the Papal forces. His *Rationale*, from which we quote, premising however that we have never read it, excepting in the quotations which are to be found in many church histories, or in the translation of it by the late Dr. Neale, is a curious illustration of the way in which Ritualism may realize itself in symbol; and when Mr. Perry inquires "Where shall we stop?" we have only to recollect that *The Cathedral* of Isaac Williams is really an appropriation in modern Ritualistic sentiment of the symbolizing dreams of Durandus; in which we find that the church, so-called, built of brick, wood, and stone, "symbolizeth that holy church which is built in heaven of living stones; the choristers typify the angels; the towers the preachers and prelates of the church, which are her bulwark and defence; the pinnacle signifieth the mind of the prelate, which ever aspireth upward; the cock at the summit of the church signifieth the preacher awaking the sleepers; the glass windows are the Holy Scriptures, which expel the rain and the wind, but transmit the light of the true sun into the hearts of the faithful; the piers of the church are the bishops and doctors which support the church; the capitols of the piers are the opinions of the bishops; the winding staircases are the hidden knowledge which they only have who ascend to celestial things; the chapter house is the secret of the heart; the refectory is holy meditation; the cellar is the Holy Scripture; the parchments of the church are the foundations of a sound faith; the tiles of the church are the soldiers preserving it from its enemies; the lamp in the church is Christ; the vestry where the priest putteth on his robe is the womb of the Blessed Virgin, where Christ put on the robes of humanity." There is abundance of the same sort. The late Dr. Neale thought it worth while to publish this farrago of rubbish; we are further told in it that the ceilings and vaultings are the more unlearned servants of the church, who adorn it not by their learning, but by their virtues. And the same symbolism is carried out into the ornaments of the altar, which consist in portfolios, altar-cloths, reliquaries, candlesticks, crosses, an orphrey; banners, missals, coverings, and curtains; the altar-

cloths and coverings are confessors and virgins ; the two candlesticks are the Jew and Gentile ; and the snuffers are the Divine words by which men assimilate the legal titles of the law, and reveal the shining spirit. Hence, when Mr. Perry says, "Where are we to stop?" we may well feel perplexed, for Dr. Neale, who introduced this work of Durandus to an amazed and admiring English public, was himself quite one of the High-Priests of this profession of Ritualism. The essay to which we refer, shows the same large capacity of symbolization ; and although Mr. Perry defines the "reasonable limits of lawful "ritualism," to be instruction to the worshipper, dignity to the service, sustenance of objective worship, independence while imitative, and the promotion of Catholic intercommunion, it is difficult to perceive how these ends can be answered by any of the usages he desires. The point on which we insist here is, that no simplicity or decency of service is contemplated at all, but a gradual approximation to all, and even more, than the vast and cumbrous machinery devised in the Church of Rome ;—leading not to the enlightenment and instruction, but to the perilous delusion of the mind, of the worshipper. Mr. Perry himself seems to imply, that if a minister should officiate at the north end of a church, he could not successfully plead the merits of the Atonement. Here is the passage:—

First appearances often decide the question of friendship ; and it needs but little imagination to conclude that many a foreign Catholic may have had his hopes of the Church of England blighted, when he saw so much wanting to assimilate the Externals of her worship to what he himself was accustomed to witness in his own Communion. Among other things, it can hardly be doubted that the Position of the Priest at the North End of the Altar, would well-nigh convince him that the Great Christian Sacrifice could not be pleaded when such an unritualistic feature everywhere presented itself.

So that the Psalmist was wrong when he said "Salvation cometh neither from the east nor the west," etc., etc.," and yet it said "on the side of the north" is the city of the great king. Really with men who hold such utterly absurd superstitions, it is entirely impossible to argue. Having tortured a symbol into an argument, they have erected the phantom of their creation into a dogma, and transformed a picture into a pillar and ground of the truth. If we linger among these particulars for a second, it is only for the purpose of expressing our pity for those who fancy that Ritual is only a decent simplicity. These men are, in truth, making it the Baalitic service of our land—a ghastly, lifeless, useless, and offensive deformity. Is this too

severe? Let us see whether it is not true that these people travestie the great doctrine of our Lord, that "God is a spirit, "and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and "in truth." Would it not seem that God is a body, and they that worship him, must worship him in sense and seeming? In all these things we are to remember that they are not regarded as pictures merely, not merely even as symbols; it is not convenience or use which is alleged in their defence, they are really regarded as power, and where such things are not, there is some serious failure in the reality of Christian worship. This is the true distinction and mark of Ritualism. In whatever way Nonconformists may use Gothic architecture, or stain the windows of their church, or even wear the gown or robe, everything is only a concession to convenience or taste; the æsthetic sense is gratified; comfort is regarded, or use is considered—this, and no more. It is far different with the Ritualist. With him it is—the worship; the rite is the one thing needful. Romanists and Anglicans are one in this. The consecration service of a Roman Catholic bishop declares that "those things which flatter the carnal sight claim those inward "qualities which they signify." The same principle runs through the whole symbolism of architecture, and church ornament, and ministers' ornaments; it is all power, as well as picture, it is picture only because it is power. Ritual is the expression of dogma and of doctrine. Thus Mr. Perry says:—

Ritualism is, or is believed to be, the outward and visible sign and expression of Doctrinal opinions which are explicitly or implicitly held by most, if not by all, of those who assist in or countenance its development.

Dr. Littledale says:—

Ritual is in some sort the visible exponent of particular tenets, which are more or less prevalent in the Church of England; and which could not be dislodged from their position, without a schism in the present, and an irreparable breach with the past.

* * * * *

It is only when the dogmatic system taught by the great Tractarian leaders has made itself realized as a living creed, that ceremonial worship has become practicable or intelligible.

Again he says:—

It is just because ritual is the fruit of dogma, and not its root, that those who dislike ceremonial are safe from any attempt at compulsory uniformity urged from the Tractarian school.

No doubt these sentences which might be multiplied from

many writers, into many pages represent the real meaning and the real mischief of the whole matter; in the same manner Mr. Coope argues for Altar-lights. Hear him:—

I do not here exaggerate the scope of the question which may be presently on trial. How can I exaggerate truths so momentous as those which may be jeopardized? I do not hesitate to say, the limiting of the ritual, now that certain expressions of faith have been adopted, must involve a maintenance or a surrender of Catholic faith. Whatever we give up, being confessedly only a means by which we express it, will be a yielding of our utterance of the Catholic faith. There can be no reservation of the faith, mentally, if we abandon the outward forms, upon which men of both sides fasten as an expression of that faith. Ritual, whether in vestments or in "lights," may be unimportant and trivial; devout minds may be, perhaps, devout without these helps, and they may afford to be devout without them, *if there be no question about them*. Not so, however, when that question arises and is disputed. Not so when men tell us, "We do not dispute the beauty, or the decency, or the taste; we care not for the external appearance. It is the *doctrine* they speak, it is *the faith they proclaim*, and it is that doctrine and that faith which we dispute and pronounce not to be professed by our Church; and *therefore* you must take them away—abolish, extinguish them—for the express purpose of giving us a *negation* of all they symbolize or mean." Then trivialities become living truths, then unrealities acquire form and substance, and it is not a vestment disowned, but the Priest; not the candles, but the Altar; not the lights extinguished, but the Catholic faith.

But, after all, the chief question apparently agitating the sensibilities of the Ritualistic mind, just now, is that of the shoulder-knot. "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" To our minds the whole affair is a mournful exhibition of the wonders of human folly. We have, indeed, been long familiar with the important bearings of the question through Mr. Pinnock's elaborate volume on the *Ecclesiastical Vestments, or the Ornaments of the Minister*; the desultory reader who would follow through all the antiquarian labyrinths and intricacies of this old clothes' question, will find a fund of matchless amusement in this volume: not the sacred thread of the high-caste Brahmin, not the white turban of the Mahomedan Mufti; not the feather of the Indian Chief; not the breeches, sword, and bag-wig of the old courtiers are of more importance than these ornaments of ministers. With a mournful pathos of tender regret, the Rev. M. Walcott, Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, in his essay on "Cathedral Reform," in Mr. Shipley's volume, exclaims:—"It was an unfortunate day when the solemnity of the Cathedral Service was lessened by the disuse of the choral cope (*Alas, my Brother!*)—sanctioned by the

"past Reformational canons." With affecting earnestness, this noble and high-toned reformer, pleads for this most necessary restoration. Yes, the Church is alive, and while the Atlantic cable stretches its mighty line below and across the vast Atlantic, while science and commerce shake the land from end to end, by the swift lightnings of their power and intelligence, while conscience, and consciousness are thrilling and trembling with the palpitating force of new revelations; how delightful to turn to these calm realms of thought and inquiry which engage neither conscience or consciousness, which involve neither science nor intelligence! My little gown question—nay, my all-important all-absorbing interrogatory: "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?" Touching the ornaments of my ephod! Halt, ye men of science; and behold me! Stand still, oh Church, or churches, to admire at me. Saw ye ever the like of this, when I am decked in my bravery and my beauty? Some, perhaps, may think it pitiable; men, scholars, in a great, sad, crowded, earnest world, can occupy themselves in this fashion—the last new ecclesiastical fashions, *La Belle Assemblée*, for the benefit of the priesthood! Oh, gentlemen, we cannot forbear saying, is your common-sense shrunk to this level?—have you come thus far down, to enter upon these strange casuistries of tailordom? or is the important elasticity of the street, compelling, and astounding crinoline, or the altogether pretty things in the way of head-dresses—the modern *Chignons*, are they of more interest than these Tractarian stage properties,—as Dr. Littledale describes them, the pantomimic display of ministers ornaments? *The Catholic Calendar* said Dr. Wiseman, "is in fact but the almanack of the new heavens and the new earth." In order that the Anglican priest may know how to attire himself, the Church Press Company, Limited, has published an ecclesiastical manual for the "Year of Grace, 1866,"—an almanack, the origin of which is to teach the clergy how to dress themselves according to the mysteries of Ritualism. The Church of Rome has long had in England such an almanack. It will be seen that the Anglican priest varies his colours frequently; never officiating long in the same one. The almanack, therefore, places a capital letter opposite every day of the year. W for white, R for red, etc. Thus stands January, 1-13, white; 14-17, green; 18, red; 19, green; 20-22, red; 23, green; 24, green, but white at Even-song; 25, white; 26, green; 27, green, but violet at Even-song; 28-31, violet. Here is the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ!—Harlequin at the Altar. Well may the inquiry be put, "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" The Hon. Colin Lindsay in-

quires, "If black and white are permissible, why not gold, blue, scarlet, and purple?"

Nowhere, I might object, in "the shadow of things to come," nor in the tremendous realities of the Apocalyptic Church, do we ever read of the ministers of religion exercising their real office in black vestments. Scripture allows gold, blue, purple, and scarlet for the ecclesiastical vestments, but nowhere can I find even an allusion to the black gown or to the black stole as commonly worn by the clergy of these days. I contend, then, if our opponents delight in attiring themselves in the unscriptural and sombre garments of the conventicle, let them not hinder others from adopting the dress sanctioned by God in His Holy Word.

And Mr. Lindsay justifies the usages as follows:—

The Temple which St. John saw is the Church of God (whether literally now in heaven, or as some think, hereafter to be on earth, is of no consequence to this argument, for in both the principles of worship are identically the same, and there were seen seven angels coming out of the Temple, clothed "IN PURE AND WHITE LINEN, and having their breasts girded with GOLDEN GIRDLES." (Rev. xv. 6.) What further proof do we need? We have, on the one hand, the fact that symbolic lights are used in the heavenly Temple? we perceive, on the other hand, that every Church on the earth is typified by a "candlestick," the symbol of the Light of Christ; that "incense," "much incense," is offered upon the golden Altar of the Church above; and we have the prophecy which distinctly predicts that the incense, together with the Pure Oblation, should be daily offered in the Christian Church. We have observed that the High Priest and His attendant priests in the celestial sanctuary—the seven angels of the Temple—are vested, the one in "a garment down to the foot," the others in white and gold, and both with the golden girdles of the priesthood; and so also are the priests of the Lord clothed with vestments of glory and beauty.

We have not argued the right or the wrong of these things. To most of our readers they will seem out of the pale of argument—predestinated absurdities. We refer to them rather as illustrating what the thing called Ritual is—what it has grown to—what it aims at. In the year 1837 Dr. Hook despaired of the restoration of the cope. Happy man! he has lived to see the day when the cope—magnificent as London shops have to sell—finds purchasers among the London clergy, while all the paraphernalia of the priesthood follow in ivy trail of splendour. "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Indeed, we have an advertisement lying before us containing the following important pieces of information, and hinting that to which the ambitious Ritualists may hope to attain:—

CHURCH VESTMENTS.—Just received, from one of the best Belgian houses, a new and large selection of CHASUBLES, ALBS, COPEs, BANNERS, etc., at £4, £5, £5 10s., etc. Also, richly worked,

Red Velvet Chasuble, very richly Embroidered . . .	£205	0	0
White Silk Damask Chasuble, with Orphreys of Green Velvet, and Embroidered Figures in Medallions . . .	63	0	0
White Silk Chasuble, very richly Embroidered . . .	68	0	0
Cope, White Silk Damask, with Embroidered Columns and Hood	60	0	0
Banner, with Figure of St. Sebastian	25	0	0
" " Infant Jesus	30	0	0
Altar Cloth	12	0	0

Happy! Thrice happy England! that such splendours are restored to her shores. Well may Mr. Perry after his discourse on such matters—interspersed with pleasant information touching the use of the pax or osculatory; the manipal cloth or *sudarium*, for wiping the fingers; the dalmatic for the deacon; the tunicle for the sub-deacon, etc., etc.—exclaim, “applying,” he says, prophetic counsel to a cause which is not beyond the scope of his predicted energetic revival in the present development of God’s ancient church—“Awake, awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion! Put on thy beautiful garments, oh, Jerusalem, the Holy City!” What an edifying view of the beautiful garments, Mr. Perry has.

III.

What are some of the characteristics of Ritualism, or of those men who vauntingly profess it, and adopt it? Personal excellencies they may have—views they may entertain, with which a larger sympathy may mingle. This may be said of many infidels—of many Romanists; but there are some characteristics which are theirs—which we must note and expose. (1.) *The Ritual is destructive of private devotion.* The spirit of Ritualism teaches that the priest does all. He provides for all, exactly as Wiseman remarks in his *Essay on Prayer and Prayer-Books*. “It was never understood that besides the public offices there should be certain, long, family, or private prayers, as necessary to discharge the duty of morning or evening sacrifice. For all that was right on this score, the Church took care to provide; and when she has done this we may be sure of its being done beyond the hope of rivalry.” Rivalry—is that the idea, the motive to prayer? But this sentence expresses exactly the sentiment of Ritual. Ritualists scoff at all free prayer. The idea of man’s soul naturally and yearningly

seeking intercourse with its Saviour, without the intervention of the priest, is ludicrous to all these men. A prayer-meeting is a subject for risibility. Household prayer, the family altar, is a scene which provokes contempt. The priest is needed in all sacred exercises; if not personally, then by Breviary and book. You! How can you pray? The very act needs the purification of the incense bowl or thurible. All devotion is deadened down to the low level of unemotional and mechanical mutterings. As the priest rises before the soul, the soul itself crouches low upon the ground—the Saviour sinks out of sight. “Clouds, indeed, receive Him out of sight.” Exceptions there may be to this, but they are few compared with the mass of worshippers. Ritual transforms religion into rite. It is a transaction of ceremony with the priest. It is not a transaction with God. Being this, it is illusive—delusive—deceptive—destructive. This is an aspect of the case not so frequently taken as should be. Rituals knows little of those scenes in which

The saint, the father, and the husband prays.

It has often been alleged against Protestantism that its week-evening services are usually poorly attended, that it is a Sabbath religion. Ordinary week-evening services in Papal churches on the Continent and in England are often crowded; and sometimes we have felt in out-of-the-way places—small continental towns and villages—the beauty, the touching beauty of a crowded church. So also in the churches of the Ritualists we have noticed this. We do not altogether apologise for this remissness among ourselves—it is very reprehensible; but when it is contrasted with the large and frequent attendance in the Catholic or Ritualistic church, it is not sufficiently remembered that with these people it is for the most part all. This is their private prayer; this is their household devotion; this is all they know—all that most would presume to know. The Rosary, the Breviary have their centre there; or where this is not the case, as we have before said, only when taken by the hand of the priest would the penitent or the saint presume to approach the foot of the Cross. (2.) *Another characteristic of Ritualism is lawlessness, a wild disregard of, and disobedience to, their Church authority.* It is well said by R. M. Beverley, in a little pamphlet which well exposes many points of the whole system,* and that pugnacity, menace and defiance are everywhere characteristic of the party. They who magnify eccle-

* *Spiritual Worship. A Lay Discourse.* By R. M. Beverley. Hardwicke.

siastical authority are the foremost in bearding their superiors. Thus we read from a newspaper, August, 1865:—

“LIGHTS, INCENSE, AND VESTMENTS.—The Rev. Edward Stuart, of the church in Munster Square, London, thus tersely states, in a letter to the *Guardian* the position which he and other clergymen of the Establishment have taken up with reference to the ceremonies and observances which have lately been discussed in the House of Lords:—‘The matter is in reality very simple; it is this. We believe these things (lights, incense, and vestments) to be lawful, and we know them to be good and useful, and, therefore, we have adopted them; and we intend to continue their use until it is shown that we are wrong in doing so; only we don’t intend to take the prejudice, or fears, or caprice of an individual bishop, whether north or south of the Thames, as our rule. No disrespect to the office of bishop; only, bishops are not, and, please God, shall not be, Popes.’ ”

In defiance of bishops!—in defiance of churchwardens and chancellors!—to what is the Church of England coming? Mr. Coope’s pamphlet is principally devoted to the story of his maintenance of lights on the altar; in defiance of all authority and proscription. The following is not, perhaps, new to our readers, concerning a recent addition to the already semi-papistical town of Brighton:—

Another addition has been made to the semi-Romish places of worship, which have been of late years opened in Brighton. St. James’s Chapel has been reopened after partial restoration. The northern gallery has been removed, the organ has been removed to the east end, the altar has been raised, and candles and a cross placed on it, and some choir stalls have been erected. A local paper says:—

“The reredos, by its gorgeous appearance, forms a striking contrast to the plain, closed-back pews in the body of the chapel, which still remain as they were in Mr. Maitland’s time. The reredos is a mediæval pattern, gold-colour silk, with crimson velvet and white satin border. The side curtains are of lilac and gold fleur-de-lis damask. At the Communion service the Eucharistic vestments were used—viz., the chasuble and tunics, for the celebrant and assistant ministers. At evening service the officiating minister was vested in a cope, the above “ornaments of the minister being in accordance with the first rubric in the Book of Common Prayer.”

Incense was likewise used. The preachers were the Revs. G. Nugée and F. G. Lee. *The Church Times*, in an eulogistic notice of the service, says:—

“At 7 p.m. there was solemn vespers; the officiant, the Rev. W. B. Flower, wearing a cloth of gold cope, was attended by the two cantors, vested in white silken copes, and all wearing their biretas. Having accompanied the officiant to his seat at the south side of the sanctuary, where the introductory part of the service was performed, the cantors

took their seat at the entrance of the choir during the singing of the Psalms, the boys rising and facing eastward at the Glorias, and the cantors advancing to the lectern for the intonation of each Psalm. At the *Magnificat* the altar was duly incensed, the cantors, thurifer, and acolyte ministering. The Office hymn was "Christ is made the sure foundation." During the Collect and prayers, the cantors stood on either side of the officiant, two lay clerks holding the acolytes' candles in front.

Yet another illustration shall be given:—

The Church Conference lately held at Norwich, was, as far as we can judge from appearances, not for the object of opposing of protesting against any of the innovations introduced in the Church of England, but rather for encouraging them. On Thursday morning, October 5th, there was communion in St. Lawrence's Church, and of that ceremony, the correspondent of the "Standard" informs us that it "was as elaborate as could probably be made by human ingenuity, and what with effective singing, gorgeous vestments, clouds of incense, and frequent changes of grouping in the service, a more imposing ceremonial could scarcely be imagined."

The principal minister, or "celebrant," was vested in chasuble and stole; the deacon and *subdeacon* in dalmatic and tunic, "two gorgeous vestments in the nature of loose shirts!" the "cantor," or leader of the singing, was dressed in a magnificent green satin cope, or cloak, enveloping his whole person down to the very ground, and profusely ornamented with rich gold embroidery, and a huge hood of cloth of gold; the "master of the ceremonies" wore a white vestment, with short black tippet and hood; the "lay members of the choir" were in long black cassocks edged with lace; and "incense boys, or *thurifers*," in long trailing crimson cassocks, and short laced surplices, carrying the incense pot and the censers. "The most singular portion of the ceremonial was reading the Gospel. This was read by the deacon with uplifted hands, the book being held before him *by the subdeacon*, and a perfect cloud of incense arising from the swinging censers of the acolytes, as gathered closely around them."

This may suffice. The conference concluded with "an eloquent sermon" from the Bishop of Oxford, October 7th, who did not, however, take any notice of this monstrous outrage on the laws and rites of the Church of England, perpetrated at St. Lawrence's Church.

It might be expected that men so ready to revile Nonconformists for their bold assertion of the rights of conscience, would, at any rate, be themselves yielding and compliant to the voices of the venerable Fathers of their Church, or to those who are set over them by their own choice and will, to govern, to guide, and to admonish them; but not so, distinct law seems, on many of the matters, where they daringly innovate, to have spoken expressly, the voices of the bishops have failed to sanction; but there is no hesitation, no reverence in Mr. Shipley's volume;

sneers only seem to be the mode of homage given to bishops who may oppose the introduction of these unseemly and indecent unions and whims. An exhibition of *Marionettes* in the temple set apart to the service of God, is the only designation which can be given to the miserable mummeries. It has ever been so, the Priest is a self-centring creature, and the system seems to hover between the two extremes of Popery and malignity. If there were any bravery, independence of spirit, we might laugh, and let the foolish creatures alone, but the determination to clutch at all the *prestige*, and caste-dignity involved in the being a minister of the Church of England, its aspiration to its dignities and emoluments, its introductions to the highest human society, while setting up only its laws and usages for ridicule by this *dilittantism* of worship and religion, and a Christian temper far removed from any approach to gentleness and conciliation, provokes indignation for the dishonesty, while it compels pity for the foppery of the dwarfed intelligences who have comprehended all religion into the charade of playing at Priests. (3.) It follows from this that Ritualism, *despises the rights of conscience*; this was always a feature of the school, and the Hon. Colin Lindsay says, and amusingly enough too :—

The idea men have in these days of worshipping God according to their conscience is an absurdity, for this is only another form of expression for the assertion of a liberty God never gave to man—viz., to worship Him in a manner of man's own devising, to follow the bent of his own inclinations rather than the Will of God, to please his own fancies instead of obeying the commands of God : in a word, to worship God after the manner of Cain, rather than after the manner of Abel.

Conscience is an absurdity to Mr. Lindsay, yet, somehow, he has not only departed from the usages of his fathers, and has forsaken the ways and observances of the Elders of his Church, but seeks to spread and propagate his opinions; it is usual with the class, the daring arrogation of all rights for themselves, the pugilistic attitude towards the conscience of others, or for the essential right to maintain their own. Ritualists know nothing of that "agreeing to differ," which is the mark at once of a delicate, true, highly-conscentious, and free nature. Impudent and arrogant by its shows and its glitter, it determines to obtain what it loves, to have the "pre-eminence," "lords it over God's "heritage," and soon manifests the spirit which, beneath the subtle guise of union, veils the bitter spirit of persecution, and is always ready to seek the arm of the law for its shelter; knowing nothing of that power which from the forms of weakness becomes valiant in strength—it trembles and cowers alike before

the gauntleted hand of logic and knowledge, or before the bold bright emanations, and intuitions of the soul. Mind and soul are alike contemptible to it, the objects for its impotent malice, as they would be had it the power, for its excommunication, its malediction, and its vengeance. (4.) Thus we are prepared to know well *its tone and its temper of intolerance towards all other sects*; for the Papal Church, for the Greek Church it has words of conciliation, all others are cut off from the hope of the Gospel.* It has indeed formed an Association, the members of which exist together by having taken a pledge to pray for the union of Christendom—to pray for the union in terms which are offensive to the majority of Protestant Christians—here is the pledge:—

DECLARATION.

"I willingly join the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom, and undertake [to offer the Holy Sacrifice once in three months and] to recite daily the above prayer for the intention of the same."

[Signed]

N.B.—The names of members will be kept strictly private

We are disposed to look reverently on all true efforts made anywhere:—all who pray for the peace of Jerusalem should have the love of the citizens of Jerusalem; but what have we here? The Sacrifice of the Mass! Provisions made for secrecy and cowardice in the concealment of names! Surely, that which may be done, may be done boldly. A pledge! Again a mark of the faith only in the visible, the material; no trust in the spiritual effort in the power to touch Omnipotence by the hand of silent faith; a pledge to pray a prayer with the heart of the prayer evidently full of hatred to all those to whom the worship of lights, and incense, and robes, and sacrifice, are as nothing. In Mr. Coope's pamphlet on *Altar Lights*, we meet with the following shameful passage. Did we know the man, we might say to him, "Sir, is it necessary, in order that you might be a consistent Ritualist, that you should cease to be a gentleman?" The passage before us is so coarse, and foul, and *false*, that we are glad to be able to cite it as a specimen of the spirit, we believe, animating most of the school;—it is Mr. Coope's estimate of Non-conformists:—

These are the men who, having separated from us, are in affright lest there should be further schism among ourselves; these are they who, having denied our doctrines, repudiated our services, and al-

* In illustration of this, we may remind our readers of the two volumes of Sermons on the Re-union of Christendom; but the idea of Christendom encloses only the Papal-Oriental and Anglican communities.

together gone out from us, are so sensitive now, lest Ritualism should corrupt doctrine, impair our services, and occasion any manner of *division* amongst us! Of a truth, this consistency is as encouraging as the imitation of our personal costume, vestments, liturgies, organs, steeples, and of all former "abominations," is flattering. It is full testimony to us of their estimation of us, at least, as the true Catholic Church, the beacon-light, and model pattern of truth and comeliness on the British soil, to be followed and copied, from the "clerical vest" and elaborate tie, to the surplice itself, or any other "mark of the beast." It is remarkable how patiently any amount of folly and wickedness can be borne, while the feeblest effort for good irritates and alarms. There is a place in this county called "the Gwennap Pit," in the very midst of a dense mining population. Here periodical Revivals have been long held, and no fetish of the African or war-dance or the Indian can approach the wildness and folly of the excitements that may be seen here. Ten or fifteen thousand ignorant people are got together; white ties abound, and far and wide is heard the stentorian cry, or shrill shriek, "Pour it out, brothers." The County Lunatic Asylum always anticipates an accession to its inmates on the occasion; and the statistics of bastardy in due time exhibit a discreditable increase. It is from such districts that the seaport towns of Cornwall are supplied with the social evil. Mormonism has its recruiting staff here and in Wales, and victims in large numbers are annually exported. But I do not hear that the popular indignation is ever excited against such things by any of our brethren. *A stole or lights is far more offensive to sensitive Protestantism than the ravings of a poor creature made a maniac for life, or the fall of a dozen simple country girls.*

(5.) Another characteristic of Ritualism is that *it makes the Word of God of none effect by its tradition.* There is very little reference to the Word of God at all. The Rubric—the old Church usage—the Acts of Edward VI., or of Elizabeth; these are the Gospels and the Epistles to which the appeal is ever made; it is for this reason that we have been content in this paper to expose the system, rather than answer, or even refer to the question. Is it right? The Word of God as salvation; there is no reference to it for any of these observances; why, then, should we stay to argue here?

IV.

But what is to be done? Anything? Has Congregationalism any other mission in the matter than to stand aside, while the procession goes on, and note, and deplore, and laugh at the folly? Then in the passage we have just cited from decent Mr. Coope, it will be seen that we are involved in the charge of imitating these things; it is certainly true that the thing is be-

coming so flagrant, that we have duties to perform in reference to it, if only to enlighten the minds of our own church members and congregations. What is the relationship of Congregationalism to Ritualism ? And (1.)—we believe it is true, that *in Congregationalism alone lies the antidote for the poison*—for poison it assuredly is. We mean by Congregationalism, the exercise of the conscience in matters of religion ; the putting the man upon his own footing before God ; the exhibition perpetually, distinctly, forcibly, of the sense of personal responsibility ; the forcing the man upon this truth, in opposition to the great fallacy of the Soul and the Priest. There must be the exhibition of God, and the soul ; this for any purpose of power will involve the real, not the pictorial, exhibition of the Mediator, the Soul, the Mediator, and God. How vain, when such realities are apprehended, will seem the things we have denounced ! True, Ritualism is almost omnipotent ; where religious sentiment is unreal, it dwindles into dim sepulchral gloom, and cryptic feebleness when the soul is dealing with realities really. Hence, let Dr. Littledale say what he will, it is preaching that searches the conscience. Preaching finds out the man, throws light through his soul, informs him, comforts him, teaches him to walk by invisible but assured lights, to lean upon invisible but assured aids. The preacher comes face to face with the man. How he is to be obtained,—how he is to use for the best purposes of overtaking this great delusion of our times, may be a matter for frail thought or inquiry ; but the preacher may be “proof as for shape,” and, in the lowest places, in ragged-schools, in Sabbath-schools, in every spot where souls are, we must have hope that he will have power to search out, and give light to those who may be in danger from the illusion. (2.) *Are we in any danger ourselves ?* We do not think so. Mr. Coope’s words are not less absurd than they are insolent ; there are certain æsthetic particulars in which we have resembled some old Church observances—the organ, spire, even the robe, the chant of the Psalm, have no relation to Ritualism—Gothic architecture or Byzantine may be adopted or rejected ; stained glass may be desirable to soften the light, or to give more beauty to a building ; where a tower is necessary, a spire may relieve the nakedness of a tower ; but, in all these things, expediency, use—the fitness of things, is the only apology. Is there any resemblance here to those views which make such things the statement of a dogma or a doctrine, or find in their absence the impossibility of ministering in the service, with edification or comfort ? It is understood now that there is a necessary connection between Congregationalism and freedom,

but none between it and bad taste. The Ritualists have the monopoly of bad taste in worship, or almost so ; there is scarcely an observance which is not at once obtrusive and unseemly, indecent, and even disgusting. Houses are built in gothic as well as churches and chapels, and stained glass is used for private as well as ecclesiastical purposes ; and in none of these things does it ever enter into the mind of the Nonconformist that there is a power ; they are not even pictures, they are conveniences, they are nothing more. (3.) In some particulars we would hope to destroy Ritualistic power, by a usage of the English and Moravian churches, which Ritualism does not so fully adopt, but which we have too much ignored—the more extended participation of the congregation in the service with the minister. What can be alleged against the phonal or the antiphonal chant ? upon the latter principle, probably, the greater number of the Psalms were constructed. In a congregation select, and thoughtful, cultivated in holy graces, the long prayer of an earnest man of God may be a delightful and elevated exercise ; but when the congregation is very miscellaneous, or the prayer-leader not very happy in his expression, it may be doubted if it is always the best method of Divine service and worship. The union of the people is needed, and for effective conduct of holy exercises, it may perhaps be believed that we need what more appropriately expresses feeling, keeps it awake, as well as revives it, and ministers to it of the best words of various comfort, or conviction from the old springs of inspired, or uninspired devotion. We believe a fruitful cause of the failure of many of our services is, that they do not engage the attention, and hold the audience in unity of worship. (5.) Many will no doubt say, And why interfere with the matter at all ?—leave these men alone, they have the best faith of which they are capable, and they give to the ignorant material intelligence, the best faith of which it is capable ; rather than seek to shake or scatter that faith, be thankful for so much and for so far as plucked from the hard and revolting negations of infidelity. But we cannot consent to the exercise of so charitable an indifference. Enough has been said to show that Ritualism in the hands of these men becomes mere idolatry ; the qualities attributed here in the very symbols themselves ; we need neither to proselyte, nor to denounce, but the miserable materialism—the sensuous idolatry of the service, should be shown. It is very true that many persons say, Why interfere with all other men's creeds ? Why not let Hindoo and Mahomedan alone ? Let the Grand Lama and the poor Buddhist follow their own instincts ; and these men with their worship of form, and colour, and music, and incense, let them

alone also. Now in reply to this, we must say, we believe in the bondage and the freedom of the human mind as facts ; and the first is deplorable and the second is desirable. These men are forging chains for the human mind, the clank of its fetters is music to them, their services are opiates—drowsy narcotics to steep the soul in sleep. It is desirable that the soul should be in possession of its own consciousness. Protestantism to them is the execrable and execrated thing—they hate it. In all their books, their hatred of it glares and snarls, or foams and gnashes. Whether they know it or not, we know they are in conspiracy against the human mind, against its rights, against its advancement ; they dare not to leave the human mind in the possession of knowledge—they libel it. Amidst all the Papal and Pagan enormities they perpetrate, that is true which the prophet said, “ There is a lie in their “right hand ;” Why not say so ? Are not these things to be regarded as the prophets regarded the relapses of Israel into idolatry and Baalism, to the worship of the grove, and of the high places, and the mountain in the field ? Pity those prophets did not trim their speech more delicately. Pity that they did not reason, how much better that there should be worship of any kind ; even Baal or Moloch rather than none ; they did not reason so, they only saw that the worship of the Lord of Hosts, the one Lord, was in danger. The human mind and conscience were in danger, and, therefore, their words leaped, like lightnings, upon the whole false system. We love simplicity of service, we also are pleased when we behold simplicity united to good and chastened, cultivated taste. Surplices and gowns, we are far from thinking as quite innocent and innocuous ; yet we have no loud voice to raise against either ; if it is right to adopt the gown, there cannot be any very cogent reason against adopting the surplice ; we are aware that the one is the mark of the teacher, the other of the priest ; nor can there especially be any good reason why the voices of the people should not mingle in the chant ; thus far we meet ministers of the Church of England, and some other communions, but, in the meaning of those whose practices we have denounced, this is not Ritualism. Ritualism commences when ceremony becomes a reality, a power, when it is no more a concession to order or decency, but a sacramental reality, with certain attributes and faculties inherent in it. We fear there are few Churchmen who have not such a conception of their ritual. We fear among Independents and Baptists, there are those who make a simple rite, not merely a sign of grace, but an indispensable vehicle of

grace; wherever this is the case, it is a dangerous and fatal delusion.

V.

MISSIONS DIPLOMATIC AND DILETTANTIC.

IT is fifteen years since Cardinal, then Dr. Wiseman, in a remarkable article in the *Dublin Review*, entitled "The Bible 'in Maynooth,'" expressed himself upon the lamentable consequences of reading the Bible, as follows: "It has been tried in 'the dominions of Queen Pomare, and it has under the judicious 'management of Evangelical Missionaries transformed a mild 'and promising race into a pack of lazy, immoral infidels.'" Such is in brief the conclusion at which we are to arrive from the work of Mr. Manley Hopkins, the speeches of the Bishop of Oxford, and the bitter virulence of the writer of the article in the *Spectator*. Hawaii, as our readers well know, has been for a long time a very interesting Missionary field; we believe, for the most part, in the possession of delegates from the American Board of Missions. Hawaii is itself a most interesting Island; its population at present is very small, not, we believe, more than about seventy thousand; although when discovered by Captain Cook, he concluded it—we feel that he must have been misled in his estimate—at four hundred thousand. In 1823, when the American Missionaries entered on the field, it would seem they found the population of from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty thousand. It is a wonderful and fearful story of the deterioration of race; nor do we find any very satisfactory solution of it. The Island has every circumstance of material fascination and loveliness; there is much about the people of a most

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- * 1. *Hawaii: the Past, Present, and Future of its Island-kingdom. An Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands, Polynesia.* By Manley Hopkins, Hawaiian Consul-General, etc., with a Preface by the Bishop of Oxford. Second Edition, revised and corrected. Longmans.
 2. *The American Mission in the Sandwich Islands: A Vindication and an Appeal, in Relation to the Proceedings of the Reformed Catholic Mission at Honolulu.* By the Rev. Wm. Ellis, formerly Missionary in the Sandwich Islands, etc., etc. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.
 3. *The Spectator*, July 7th, 1866. Article, "Sandwich Islands."

interesting character ; it cannot be denied for a second with any show of reason, that compared with what they were when first discovered, Christianity has achieved there wonderful triumphs. It is but a little dot in the Pacific main, but its situation, on the great highway of waters, leads naturally to the expectation that it will become, as it has indeed become already, a great station for vessels between Australia and North America ; while, small as it is, it is sufficiently large to acquire and exercise strong influence over the many smaller islands around it. The rough Missionary work has been done ; something has been effected towards Christianizing the people, but they are, at any rate, civilized ; immorality, indeed, very largely abounds, but there is no longer any fear of a Missionary being eaten up ; murder and theft are almost unknown. In these circumstances, what a pleasant watering-place kind of an Island this is for those Clergymen who desire to cultivate the poetry of Missionary pursuits ; how delightful an emigration for those innumerable ardent emulators of apostolic zeal, who having little expectation of episcopal honours, prebendal stalls, or canonries, or even rectories in England, are compelled to look further a-field, and would judge a transportation, upon a good income, to the sunny Ventnor, or Torquay, or Penzance, of the Pacific, as, if not the best, not so bad after all. In real honesty of feeling, this is the impression Mr. Manley Hopkins and the Bishop of Oxford have left upon our minds by their deliverances. In order that our white-robed Ritualists might elbow themselves on shore of the Island, it was necessary that they should elbow some other people out of it. When the last estimable and excellent Archbishop of Canterbury was appealed to for the purpose of establishing a Bishop of the Polynesian Islands, especially opening the mission for his church in Hawaii, he expressed himself after the usual manner of his gentle and Christian spirit ; declared that he could not encourage the plan, as the ground was already occupied by Christian workers, and said further how much he should regret anything which led to collision instead of co-operation. The Church Missionary Society has not been much more favourable to the Bishop of Oxford's pet scheme, than was the venerable and admirable Archbishop. In these circumstances it was necessary that the Bishop of Oxford should assail somebody, and he falls with a good will upon the American Missionaries, earnest men, grave, effective, and ministering, we suppose after the manner of the Congregational faith and order. There is no doubt that we might wish to see a far higher state of the Christian life than is to be met with among the fields of the Sandwich Island Missions ; but a dispassionate, and calm survey, if it be not satisfied with all that

has been achieved, will yet feel that wonders have been wrought. Poor Hawaii has been subjected to bitter reverses in its religious life: the Roman Catholic Church wrought its mischief of division there, and still seeks to work its mischief. Yet, since 1823, fifty-three thousand converts from idolatry and heathenism have been received into the other churches. The charge now preferred against the American Missionaries, by the Bishop of Oxford, is not of want of earnestness, insincerity, or self-seeking, but that their creed and their lives are too grave and serious for so sensuous a people. The Bishop therefore inaugurates the advent of what is called the Reformed Catholic Mission. The Bishop is anxious to show that the desire for this originated in the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Ellis incontestably proves, in opposition both to the Bishop and to Mr. Manley Hopkins, that while the King of Hawaii, many years since, was desirous of more Missionaries, and English Missionaries, the scheme itself was hatched in England, and bears every mark of origination from the offices of Red-tape Circumlocution, and Company. These gentlemen have been so disrespectful in their mode of speaking of Christian labourers, and of arduous, self-denying toil, such as they and their protégés, we believe, are wholly inadequate to, that we do not feel it necessary to be parsimoniously select in the terms of our condemnation. The object clearly seems to be, not to convert the heathen to Christ, but to draw away members from long-established Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, to a section of the Church of England. Remembering Mr. Ellis's invaluable *Polynesian Researches*, a work to which Mr. Manley Hopkins, with great respect defers as the highest and final authority upon the condition of the Island—it is sadly and shockingly amusing to hear the nonsense. At Wiston the most remarkable description of the people, and of the doctrine and practice of the Missionaries was given. The Bishop of Oxford is reported to have said:—

These children of nature, children of the air, children of the light, children of the sun, children of beauty, disporting themselves for the most part in the open air, living in the utmost conceivable freedom, taking their greatest pleasure in the dance, dancing many times a day, dancing almost every evening, and then imagine these people visited by the descendants of the stern old Puritans of New England, if anything, rather more severe, sour, and vinegar-like, carrying with them the iron code of Connecticut, the most severe ever inflicted upon any people on the earth, taking peculiar examples from the Levitical law, and applying them to Christian times, by a strange mistake, which pervaded the old Puritan mind, that Christianity found its excellence by a retrogression to Judaism. For instance, they wrote it down in their code

that if any father had a troublesome child he should bring him before the elders, and he should be stoned. These men, many of them good men, very devout men, men who really desired the salvation of the souls of these poor islanders, and came for that purpose and no other, who gave up their homes that they might come, but coming with all the bias and severity of Puritan life to these children of nature, these children of the sun. And then conceive the moral and social effervescence that ensued. They were commanded not to put away sensuality merely, but all that was child-like, spiritual and unobjectionable in their habits, removing the eternal landmarks between morality and immorality, teaching them that things innocent, like things wicked, were to be condemned. Here was a great mistake, arising out of the injured form of Christianity which they were desiring to inculcate.

A pretty passage truly, for its refutation we showed to be the pages of Mr. Manley Hopkins they would be sufficient, but it is sad to read; in fact, it is the Bishop and his party who do remove the eternal landmarks between morality and immorality; their "innocent dances" are indeed strange things for a Bishop of the English Church to smile approvingly upon. The immorality of the heathen state was dreadful—"Children of the air! Children of the light! Children of the sun!" Other writers, who have witnessed the dances, have not been so tender as the Bishop. Vancouver says:—

Had the performance finished with the third act, we should have retired from their theatre with a much higher idea of the moral tendency of their drama than was conveyed by the offensive scene exhibited by the ladies in the concluding part. The language of the song no doubt corresponded with the display which was carried to a degree of extravagance calculated to produce nothing but disgust even to the most licentious.

Dr. Stewart, American Missionary at Mani, says:—

The sounds of their rude music, the wild notes of their songs reached us even in the mission enclosure. But they fell on the heart with a saddening power, for we had been compelled already, from our own observation, as well as from the communications of others, necessarily to associate with them exhibitions of unrivalled licentiousness, and abominations which must for ever remain untold. I can never forget the impressions made upon my mind the first few nights after coming to anchor in the harbour, while these songs and dances were in preparation by rehearsal and practice. With the gathering darkness of every evening, thousands of the natives assembled in a grove of coconut trees near the ship; and the fires round which they danced were scarcely ever extinguished till the break of day, while the shouts of revelry and licentiousness, shouts of which till then I had no conception, and which are heard only in a heathen land, unceasingly burst upon the ear.

Mr. Ellis says :—

I once, when residing at Honolulu, went in obedience to a message from the Queen to a place where, to my surprise and disgust, a sort of rehearsal of one of these dances was going on, and almost before I was fully aware of what it was, the filthy picture seemed to be burned as with vitriol into my mind as I turned and hurried home from the spot.

“Children of the air, children of the light, children of the sun,” what was their ancient condition? Dr. Anderson, Foreign Secretary of the American Missionary Society, says :—

They were then naked barbarians. Lying, drunkenness, theft, robbery, were universal. So was licentiousness, and it was shameless in open day. There was no restraint on polygamy and polyandry. Mothers buried their infant children alive, and children did the same with their aged and infirm parents.

Dr. Stewart, who, in his published Journal, referring to an evening walk along the beach, observes :—

The largest hut I passed was not higher than my waist; capable only of containing a family, like pigs in a sty, on a bed of dried grass, filled with vermin. Not a bush or shrub was to be seen around, or any appearance whatever of cultivation. It was the time of their evening repast, and most of the people were seated on the ground eating *pee*, surrounded by swarms of flies, and sharing their food with dogs, pigs, and ducks, who helped themselves freely from the dishes of their masters.

Is there any change in these “Children of light, children of the air, children of the sun?” Dr. Anderson, in his published visit says :—

I did not see a drunken native while on the Islands. Theft and robbery are less frequent there than in the United States. We slept at night with open doors, had no apprehension, and lost nothing. Licentiousness still largely exists outside the church, and is one of the easily-besetting sins within it; but it now everywhere shuns the day, and is subjected to the discipline of the church. Nor do mothers any more bury their infant children alive, nor children their aged and infirm parents.

Mr. Ellis says, quoting the American Missionary Herald, for 1865 :—

Besides the high attainments of the late king, there is other and unobjectionable testimony to the excellence of both the common and high schools in Hawaii. In relation to the former, the united body of Missionaries, in 1865, publicly state :—

“The schools have been carried on with the usual success and benefit

to the Hawaiian youth. The instruction has, as in times past, been elementary in its character, nothing more. And this, under God, is our joy and our boast; not that we have founded and sustained a system for supplying a finished education for the more favoured few, but a thoroughly sound and inestimably valuable elementary education for the masses of this nation. We deal with facts, not with pictures of the imagination; and in proof of the too little that we have heretofore cared to say in defence of the Hawaiian system of common schools, and the much more that might have been, and doubtless out to have been said, to set forth its excellent adaptedness to the end proposed; we point, with unfeigned thankfulness to God, and with an honest pride, which we have no right to conceal, *to the nation as it stands before us to-day*. We exult in the thought, that at this moment, a few of the most highly-favoured spots, in New England excepted, not a nation exists on the face of the earth, so large a proportion of whose members are as well-grounded in reading, writing, and common arithmetic."

Still more remarkable is the testimony of Richard H. Dana, Esq., a distinguished lawyer and member of the Episcopal Church, Boston, United States, in a public narrative of his visit to the Sandwich Islands, says:—

"It is no small thing to say of the missionaries of the American Board, that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature, and translated into it the Bible, and works of devotion, science, and entertainment, &c., &c.

"In every district are free schools for natives. In these they are taught reading, writing, singing by note, arithmetic, grammar, and geography, by native teachers. At Lahainaluna is the Normal School for natives, where the best scholars from the district schools are received and carried to an advanced stage of education, and those who desire it are fitted for the duties of teachers. This was originally a Mission School, but is now partly a Government Institution. Several of the missionaries, in small and remote stations, have schools for advanced studies, among which I visited several times, that of Mr. Lyman, at Hilo, where there are nearly 100 native lads; and all the under-teachers are natives. These lads had an orchestra of ten or twelve flutes, which made very creditable music. At Honolulu there is a royal school for natives and another middle school for whites and half-castes; for it has been found expedient generally to separate the races in education. Both these schools are in excellent condition. But the special pride of the missionary efforts for education is the High School or College of Punahou. This was established for the education of the children of the Mission families, and has been enlarged to receive the children of other foreign residents, and is now an incorporated college with some seventy scholars. The course of studies goes as far as the end of the Sophomore year in our New

England colleges, and is expected to go farther. The teachers are young men of the Mission families, taught first at this school, with educations finished in the colleges of New England, where they have taken high rank. At Williams College there were at one time five pupils from this school, one of whom was the first scholar, and four of whom were among the first seven scholars of the year; and another of the professors at Punahou was the first scholar of his year at New Haven. I attended several recitations at Punahou in Greek, Latin, and mathematics; and after having said that the teachers were leading scholars in our colleges and the pupils mostly children of the Mission families, I need hardly add that I advised the young men to remain there to the end of the course, as they could not pass the Freshman and Sophomore years more profitably elsewhere in my judgment. The examinations in Latin and Greek were particularly thorough in etymology and syntax. The Greek was read both by the quantity and by the printed accent, and the teachers were disposed to follow the Continental pronunciation of the vowels in the classic languages, if that system should be adopted in the New England Colleges."

These extracts neither justify the one nor the other of the Bishop of Oxford's extravagances. "The children of the light, the children of the air, the children of the sun," do not realize this high-flown and dithyrambical utterance; and it seems that the labours of the grim and disagreeable children of the Puritans, have not been altogether so far short of success, as he perhaps wished to make it appear. Mr. Manley Hopkins writes his book with the same object in view as that the Bishop had in making his speeches. It is written beneath the strong dictation of Ritualism, which these gentlemen desire to see established in Hawaii. It is interesting, but it is a similar attempt to say fine things about heathenism. We learn, indeed, from it that until taught otherwise by the missionaries, the natives had no conception that *aphrodisiac indulgences* (fine words signifying lust, adultery, and so on) were even wrong or truthful; they had not even a word to express chastity in their language, "Children of the light, children of the sun," &c., &c.; then, "To such a nation as this, the cold injunctions of morality were powerless, and a doctrinal religion not insisting on the fruits of holiness inoperative." What does Mr. Hopkins mean by this libel, when he has first honoured the missionaries by saying, they were the first to reprove the works of darkness, or the "aphrodisiac indulgences," as he euphonistically calls them? He says, "the American missionaries threw themselves uninquiringly into a crusade against the prevailing licentiousness of the people." In the same paragraph we read of the missionaries soft, feline style of approach, so that we may gather, at any rate, that the cats with which Mr. Manley Hopkins has had any acquaintance, are a

moral kind of cat—it is the queerest book. On the three hundred and fifty-ninth page we read, “these Polynesian islanders are æsthetic people, having an extreme love of the beautiful.” On the next page we read, that “every woman has a pet animal ; and “mothers who are nursing their offspring, will suckle a puppy “at the same time. Sometimes the favourite is young pig.” A very ‘æsthetic people,’ indeed ! Mr. Manley Hopkins’s book is full of these contradictions ; full of nonsense in fact ; there is plenty of pepper and spice of spite and malice, with all that bathos of fine cast-off clothes and pawnbroker’s-shop kind of style, which sickens. Then he mourns that this is the age of, “Veneer ;” “that we electrotypes our feelings, and sickly o’er our learning “with a very pale cast of thought,” which leads him pathetically to inquire. “Alas ! Why are the song of the swan, and the iris “hues of the dolphin, only certain premonitions and preludes of “death ?” Fine writing will be the death of Mr. Hopkins, if he does not look sharp ; he takes his harp from the willows to smite its strings to a mournful jeremiad over our age of immeasurable desires and weak volitions, especially as illustrated in Hawaiian Archipelago. In the same paraphrase he shows how Christianity has created a material prosperity, and extending commerce in the island. He shows how these American missionaries, who have done nothing at all, only to bring their grim visages of Puritanism to glower upon these “children of light, “children of the air, children of beauty,” have been the means of inspiring the people to a free destruction of forty thousand idols, within about forty years ; while in the year 1859, the school amounted to thirty-one thousand, four hundred and ninety-one dollars, and showed the following, among other results :—

The number of Free Schools in that year was	285
The number of scholars	8628
Schools in which English is taught	16
Native youths in the latter	804
White children in school	190
Mixed children in do.	166
Total number in the schools.	9782

Public schools in every village ; then Mr. Hopkins reproves the missionaries in that while they have made many mistakes ; not the least is the impatience they have shown for rapid and immense results. We really think the results are rapid and immense, and can very well afford to deduct from that success a very large percentage, to be put down to the score of that natural enthusiasm inherent, we suppose, in all men, either

desirous or able to perform a piece of real and earnest work ; but the charge of impatience comes singularly from Mr. Hopkins, who really seems the most impatient person in the whole transaction, and marvellously inconsistent in attempting to shew that nothing has been done. That Independents avow the smallness of their success in producing a vital change. "There is a hidden want," he pathetically exclaims, "and this can only be supplied," by the English Church. He says, "We wait to see what may be the effect on the Hawaiian mind of the beauty of her holiness, which has usually been made more conspicuous and intense in missionary spheres." Dear Mr. Consul, where ? It may be our wretched sectarian ignorance, but we really can scarcely call to mind a single missionary-field which the Church of England has broken open. We have always regarded this as her essentially weak point. It is a part of her pride, through many of her prelates, that she is not a missionary church ; and assuredly she falls into a poor little struggling cluster in the rear of the great Independent, Wesleyan, Baptist, Moravian, and Romanist missionaries. She has no missionary story to tell. But we must leave Mr. Hopkins and his nonsense, of which there is about as copious a shower as ever was the happy possession of any book on missions. We like to justify extreme statements of this kind, so we will refresh and amuse our readers with two or three illustrations. Some of Mr. Hopkins's illustrations, by-the-by, are of the queerest. He tells us how a request was made, in 1859, for missionaries, from the Hawaiian king and his chiefs. Of course, they had no idea, as Mr. Hopkins says, of receiving a bishop ; but they did not know what a liberal supply of that kind of animal—which Tom Moore was wont to call the *Episcopus vorax*—we have on hand. But the thing cannot be made so ludicrous as Mr. Hopkins makes it himself. He says, "When Dean Swift was asked by a beggar for 'a mug of his honour's small beer,' he replied, 'that beggars should not be choosers,' and he ordered him up 'a jug of ale.'" On the request for a clergyman being made, those in England who know now what missions must be to be effective, followed up the king's request by appointing and consecrating a bishop for his dominions. Episcopal strong ale ! We fear the effect has been, and is likely to be intoxicating on the poor little island. "Thus," says Mr. Hopkins, "the vital scion of an ordained and pure church has been grafted in on the stock of wild olive." We know what the grim American missionaries did. They grappled with idolatry, and hurled the idols down, and planted schools in all the villages. And what has the bishop with his strong ale effected ? We

have said, the poor little island is intoxicated. Yes, in those far-away seas, they have naturally been wise enough to turn the heads of a people just emerged from idolatry with the mummeries of Ritualism. Women, whose grandmothers eat babies, and whose grandfathers were "carried over to dumb idols," are engaged, we suppose, in embroidering church ornaments, and entering into all the mysteries of emblematic service. Mr. Hopkins apologises for this; but in language for which, we believe, some of his clerical friends will scarcely thank him. He says, "a little of the feminine mind is likely to mingle itself with the mental constitution of persons whose profession removes them from the more earthly and masculine walk of laics." Why, oh gentle Hopkins, should a parson be less manly than any other of his sex? But our writer catches himself up with the consolatory thought that "female men are found in all professions," and the sentimental Hopkins continues, "as St. John, the Divine, used to recreate himself with a tame partridge,"—(an important query, we propose it with breathless intensity, is the love of game a sign of the grace of Apostolic succession? If so, we are safe, whoever may whistle)—we go back. "As St. John, the Divine used to recreate himself by playing with a tame partridge, (fresh from the spit, and with a silver fork for a playfellow is best) so the arrangement of flowers, the embroidery of a stole, or the illuminating a text in illegible letters may afford relief to minds weary with labour, and hearts heavy with the darkness and misery they see round them." Bravo! Mr. Hopkins! from the Apostle John to a partridge, and from an uncooked partridge to a consecrated petticoat. "Here be mysteries, Mr. Shallow!" However what is pertinent to notice, is that the extremest Tractarianism or Ritualism seems to have obtained a hold on the little island, among a people just liberated from idolatry, a new idolatry is set up in this wild Anglicanism. Here is a description of this mode of celebrating Christmas:—

The twilight of Advent was leading to a bright sunrising that Christmas. The zeal of the new comers, and the readiness of those among whom they came, united in a Christian festival which was as brilliant as it was impressive. The following interesting account of the proceedings is taken from Archdeacon's Mason's letters, and is given here in his own words:—

"On Christmas Eve, the arrangements in the church were finished by 5 p.m., and I never saw in England a church so beautifully decorated. The natives have great taste in these matters. Here too we have all the advantages over you in being able to get all kinds of flowers at this season.

"To make up for the want of holly, we were able to make use of a shrub with large red cone-shaped berries. Crosses, circles (emblems of eternity), and the sacred initials I.H.S. abounded. Over the altar was the text, "The Word was made flesh," in native and in English: other texts about the church, such as 'Unto us a child is born,' 'Emmanuel, God with us,' etc. The king lent all his silver candelabra, so that when night came, and the time for the midnight service arrived (11.30), the church was a perfect blaze of light. The Litany was first softly chanted in native. Then the bishop and clergy put on their best robes, and with a choir of twenty in surplices we walked in procession round the church singing 'Adeste Fideles' (Draw near, ye Faithful.) Then the Holy Communion Service commenced—choral throughout. About thirty received. After the consecration of the elements we sang, on our knees, the beautiful hymn, 'Thee we adore a hidden Saviour' (Novello's hymns, Ancient and Modern).

"The church was densely crowded, but all conducted themselves in a most orderly manner. Service over at 2 A.M. A salute was fired from the battery, and then commenced such a grand night-scene as I can only faintly describe. Tar barrels were lighted on the top of the Punchbowl Hill and rolled down. The king had provided twenty torches, eight feet long, made of Kukui-wood and cocoa-nut fibres dipped in tar—also an innumerable number of blue lights. We all formed in rank, the king, the bishop, and Mr. Syne walking together, the torchmen forming our body-guard—and thus we proceeded through the towns, singing carols. It was a beautiful night, and the effect was one never to be forgotten. The grand close was at the palace, where we at last arrived. The torches and blue lights were ranged round the small circular piece of water in the middle of the palace courtyard. The fountains played grandly, and the reflection of the torch lights, together with the clear brilliant moonlight of these latitudes on the water, and on the dark excited faces of the people, was very remarkable. At this moment some really good fireworks were let off, and rockets shot up into the air, amidst deafening shouts from a thousand voices for the king and queen. Then we sang the grand old carol of 'Good King Wenceslaus;' and after a glass of champagne-punch we made the air ring with the National Anthem, and another round of protracted 'hurrahs,' and so to bed."

Such was the first Christmas eve in Honolulu. Its enthusiasm will provoke in some a smile of pity or an expression of disdain. The circumstance of the king of a nation joining in the midnight revelry will enhance the ready sarcasm.

We confess ourselves to be among the number of those who pity this sad exhibition. We felt it necessary thus distinctly to call attention to this innovation upon a missionary field, where the hard labourers had wrought their best, and, even upon Mr. Hopkin's shewing, with a great and wonderful success, for an island plucked from idolatry of the most cruel and degrading

kind, in less than half a century, we must regard, after every drawback is admitted, and every grief indulged, as a great triumph. The affairs of sects weigh comparatively little with us when any sect can illustrate its mission by its usefulness. A month or two since, we called attention to the noble and intrepid career of a Church of England missionary writhing with darkness and savageness in another island of the Pacific. We gave to his real labours our tribute of homage and of affection, for men like these Hawaiian Tractarians, who creep into the charming watering-place of an island, when all the horrors of idolatry have been crushed, and the earnest men, who probably look somewhat sad from their remembrance of what they have seen, and the little apparently done as, compared with their desires, and their sense of the reality of sin, and the immortality of character; for those men who come among these, scattering broadcast their seeds of schism, playing at priests in the churches, with their "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," their insinuating homage to the Virgin, their priestly kickshaws of flowers, embroidered stoles, mixed with Mr. Manley Hopkins's "partridges and strong ale." We confess to a large amount of pity and contempt. No; we think this is not the way in which "the Son will obtain the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." Not exactly after that pattern, we think will the "King's daughter, all glorious within," desire to see her "clothing of wrought gold" cut out, after quite another pattern, we do believe. Finally, we have given this utterly unprejudiced and fair statement of this little missionary matter, involving a development of Ritualistic, tactics, and honesty, and partly moved thereto by an absurd review of Mr. Hopkins's book in the *Spectator*. After accepting all his severe denunciations apparently, without reading his contradictions, the writer in the *Spectator* says: "There is not a thing that requires closer watching, on the part of all true Liberals, than the many curious manifestations of ambition and intolerance, put forth as missionary enterprise." We heartily accept this, and believe it; at any rate, we have exhibited a very "curious manifestation of ambition and intolerance," in those especial favourites of the "Lord's heritage," the Tractarians in this paper. When we find in any other sect the same sins, our pen will be as ready for denunciation there, as we have honestly found it to be here.

V

OUR BOOK CLUB.

IT is difficult to realize the necessity for the republication of *Essays for the Times on Ecclesiastical and Social Subjects: By James H. Rigg, D.D. Author of Modern Anglican Theology.*—Elliot Stock.—Most of the topics discussed, whatever may be their permanent interest, are looked at by Dr. Rigg rather from the temporary aspect; they are reprints, for the most part, of papers which have appeared in the *London Quarterly Review*, and they would have borne much concision; the volume is very bulky, and, we fear, this will not serve its popularity; Dr. Rigg, as an ardent Wesleyan—with much respect, we feel a difficulty in disinguisning our Wesleyan friends, we have, we believe, five or six sects in England, all Wesleyan-Methodists, and all governed by conferences. Dr. Rigg represents the largest and most influential)—devotes very much of his volume to the discussion of matters affecting the great points at issue with Methodists; but Kingsley and Newman, Manning and Pusey, also receive large criticism. *The History of Heterodox Speculation*, and the papers on *Pauperism*, and *Education*, are very interesting; as, in his little volume on *Anglican Theology*, Dr. Rigg exhibits carefulness in writing, and, therefore, acquaintance with the subjects to which he devotes attention; but, in this work we have occasion again to remark, that his spirit is unkind; there is a severity in some orders of mind which reveals a larger sympathy, it is a severity with nothing little or narrow; we are compelled to say that Dr. Riggs does not seem to us of this order, we are sorry to see that he has reprinted in this volume the sentiments expressed and printed in his lecture on the *Bible and Human Progress*, delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall; the sentiment, in which he says, "Wordsworth is a mere Deistical philosopher, a better sort of nature worshipper; his religion, what he himself has called 'the religion of the wood,' marked by an abstinence from any recognition of the Cross, the Saviour, or the Bible; his greatest poem, "cold, tame, and permanently unpopular;" upon which we have to remark it is a pity before writing this criticism that Dr. Rigg did not read the greatest poem, or, in that perfect idyl with which it opens, he would have seen that poor Margaret found:—

"The unbounded might of prayer,
"To the soul fixed on the Cross."

"Consolation springs from sources deeper than deepest pain."
"For the meek sufferer."

Had he read a little further in these writings, he would have found the "Deist," saying,

"By grace divine,
Not otherwise, oh Nature, we are thine."

In fact Wordsworth's reverent spirit was "deistical," after the fashion of that fine old "deist," Job; and a sense of a present living, operating God, moving in all the providences of nations and individuals, reigns supreme through all his writings. Perhaps, too, it would have been as well had Dr. Rigg informed us to what unpublished manuscript he had access, in which Wordsworth avows that his was "the religion of the woods." We do not remember any such line; the only approach to it is that expression:—

"Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods."

Wordsworth was, in every sense, a devout and honourable member of the Church of England; and some of our sweetest recollections are of two or three occasions, when we had the pleasant opportunity to worship with him in Rydal Church, and marked, with enjoyment, his quiet, but evident heartiness in the whole service. Once we had the opportunity of sharing his prayer-book with him; and the Sabbath was indeed rare, which did not find "the old man eloquent"—"sole king of rocky Cumberland," with the worshippers of his church. Dr. Rigg's criticism is a sad libel on a great man, who served the most elated and devotional thought of his generation well. He ought to have recollected who said—

"Thou art true, Incarnate Lord,
"Who did vouchsafe for man to die;
"Thy smile is sure; Thy plighted word
"No change can falsify.
"I bent before Thy gracious throne,
"And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
"And peace was given—nor peace alone,
"But faith, and hope, and ecstasy."

Very "studiously unchristian!" as Dr. Rigg says; "A sad 'abstinence from any recognition of the Cross, the Saviour, and 'the Bible.'" It seems rather unjust, perhaps, to cite a single failure, for the purpose of illustrating the character of a large

volume; but a similar narrowness and prejudice characterizes much of the criticism; Dr. Rigg wants that wide sympathy which is able to note the admirable in men from whom he differs. But he is an interesting writer, and has a great faculty of seeing clearly and expressing distinctly what lies within his own line of vision; and were the volume published in a more portable form, we would augur for it a considerable reception—it is readable and useful. We sometime since gave our heartiest word of commendation to "*Ancient Egypt*," from the same pen; and in the same series of admirable geographical and historical volumes. We have *Egypt: from the Conquest of Alexandra the Great to Napoleon Bonaparte. An historical sketch. By the Rev. George Trevor, M.A., Canon of York.* Religious Tract Society. It is compiled with great carefulness, and sufficiency of information. Iliads of events are crowded into these four hundred pages, and the acts, and scenes, and heroes of the great dramas, of which Egypt was the theatre, are brought before us with striking reality. The subjects of the book involve matters of profoundest historical interest. A large width of varied reading. And Mr. Trevor has the art of setting them before the reader in language which never tires, but gives them a happy degree of vividness to the eye.

TO the same series belongs *Our Australian Colonies: their discovery, History, Resources, and Prospects. By Samuel Mossman, author of the articles "Australia," and "Australasia" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, &c., with Maps and Plans.*—(Religious Tract Society.)—The authorship of this volume is its guarantee and endorsement; in a brief, cheap form, we have all about Australia; and to the multitudes who are turning attention to that marvellous colony, we know of no work which could convey in so condensed a form what they may desire to know; the book seems to be thoroughly worthy of the interesting series to which it belongs.

A SIMPLE, useful volume is *Notes and Reflections on the first Epistle to the Corinthians. By Arthur Pridham.*—(Longmans.)—Mr. Pridham commends himself to us more by his book than by the preface to it. The first paragraph of the preface informs us that "this book, like the divinely inspired writing, which is its subject, is written in the interest of no class of sectaries, but of all who in every place, call on the name of Jesus Christ our Lord." This disclaiming of the sectaries is usually the Shibboleth of the bitterest sect of all, the Plymouth

Brethren. Further on, he tells us "the aim of the work is not "to flatter spiritual dilettantism; but to help and comfort "souls." But we have not alighted upon anything offensive in the work itself, and, so far as we have read it, it seems to be quiet, spiritual, thoughtful, and profitable. The epistle itself is of eminent importance, both in the personal Christian, and to the Church; we receive with gratitude any well-meant attempts to open to us the mind of the Spirit; and the private Christian who reads this volume, with the distinct desire to enter into this epistle, will find aids to the heart and mind, which will not be less than valuable.

A DIFFERENT order of criticism, or commentary, meets us in *the Critical English Testament; being an Adaptation of Bengel's Gnomon, with Numerous Notes, showing the precise results of Modern Criticism and Exercises: Edited by Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A., and Rev. James Hawes, M.A., Vol. II. The Acts and the Epistles (to second Thessalonians).*—(Alexander Strahan.)—Since we noticed the first volume, we have perceived that this work has, in some quarters, received rather hard measure upon the score of incompetency and hypercriticism; but, looking again through the pages of the volumes, we are unable to revoke our first impressions of its great value and usefulness to the classes for whom it is intended; we regard it as a very good, accessible, and easy index for those who may not have the works from whence its criticisms are derived upon their shelves; it conveys even to those who have them, concisely, and at once, the results, rather than the processes of criticism, as to the over-refinement; good old Bengel himself was not free from this fault. In the niceties of etymology or grammar, he does sometimes seem to us to miss the philosophy and spirit; yet he has been thought most invaluable, and if these editors sometimes fall into a similar sin, we yet think that no student of the New Testament will read their book from day to day without some feelings of gratitude for the help afforded by their general patience and industry.

WE could have been pleased to give larger space and attention to *London Poems; By Robert Buchanan*, author of "*Idyls and Legends of Inverburn*," "*Undertones*," &c.—(Alexander Strahan.)—But we have already expressed our very warm admiration of the genius of Mr. Buchanan. We were among the first to do so, some years since. We do not wonder that the active, ardent, and rhythmic imagination which, set to such delightful music, the mountain winds and streams, and homely scenes of Inverburn

should be stirred by the "still sad music of humanity," in London life. We felt at once, in several of the poems, the different spirit and inspiration; as, compared with his previous volumes, some of these seem like passing from Byron to Crabbe. There is a hard reality in "Jane Lawson," in "Attorney Sneak:"—

PUT execution in on Mrs. Hart—
If people will be careless, let them smart :
Oh, hang her children! just the common cry!
Am I to feed her family? Not I.
I'm tender-hearted, but I dare be just,—
I never go beyond the law, I trust;
I've worked my way, plotted and starved and plann'd,
Commenced without a penny in my hand,
And never howl'd for help, or dealt in sham—
No! I'm a man of principle, I am.

What's that you say? Oh, *father* has been here?
Of course, you sent him packing? Dear, oh, dear!
When one has work'd his weary way, like me,
To comfort and respectability,
Can pay his bills, and save a pound or two,
And say his prayers on Sunday in a pew,
Can look the laws of England in the face,
'Tis hard, 'tis hard, 'tis shame, and 'tis disgrace,
That one's own father—old and worn and gray—
Should be the only hindrance in his way.
Swore, did he? Very pretty! Threaten'd? Oh;
Demanded money? You, of course, said "No?"
'Tis hard—my life will never be secure—
He'll be my ruin some day, I am sure.

Or the close.

That's Badger, is it? He must go to Vere.
The Bank of England clerk. The writ is here.
Say, for his children's sake, we will relent,
If he'll renew at thirty-five per cent.

We think our favourite of the book is, perhaps, the poem which cost Mr. Buchanan the least effort in writing,—*The Starling*. There is a real, natural, London pathos in the story of how

I.
THE little lame tailor
Sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world
Was the tailor's darling?
To none of his kind
Was he well-inclined,
But he doted on Jack the starling.

II.

For the bird had a tongue,
And of words good store,
And his cage was hung
Just over the door,
And he saw the people,
And heard the roar—
Folk coming and going
Evermore,—
And he looked at the tailor,—
And swore.

III.

From a country lad
The tailor bought him,—
His training was bad,
For tramps had taught him ;
On alehouse benches
His cage had been,
While louts and wenches
Made jests obscene,—
But he learn'd no doubt,
His oaths from fellows
Who travel about
With kettle and bellows,
And three or four,
The roundest by far
That ever he swore,
Were taught by a tar.
And the tailor heard—
“ We'll be friends ! ” said he,
“ You're a clever bird.
And our tastes agree—
We both are old,
And esteem life base,
The whole world cold,
Things out of place,
And we're lonely too.
And full of care—
So what can we do
But swear ? ”

In fact, they were a pair of swearers—the tailor and the starling, but they understood one another, and felt, apparently, a mutual sympathy, as to the bad way in which a grim and ungracious world had treated them. We omit admiration of the swearing ; perhaps, in the pair of worthies, it was not unnatural, as the tailor said :—

You want the fresh air
And the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there
Feels dreary and sad,

And here I frown
 In a prison as dreary,
 Hating the town,
 And feeling weary :
 We're too confined, Jack,
 And we want to fly,
 And you blame mankind, Jack.
 And so do I ?
 And then, again,
 By chance as it were,
 We learn'd from men
 How to grumble and swear ;
 You let your throat
 By the scamps be guided,
 And swore by rote—
 All just as I did ?
 And without beseeching,
 Relief is brought us—
 For we turn the teaching
 On those who taught us !”

V.

A haggard and ruffled
 Old fellow was Jack,
 With a grim face muffled
 In ragged black,
 And his coat was rusty
 And never neat,
 And his wings were dusty
 From the dismal street,
 And he sidelong peer'd,
 With eyes of soot too,
 And scowl'd and sneer'd—
 And was lame of a foot too !
 And he long'd to go
 From whence he came ;—
 And the tailor, you know,
 Was just the same

• • • • •
 Each wanted to say
 Only this—“ Woe's me !
 I'm a poor old fellow,
 And I'm prison'd so,
 While the sun shines mellow,
 And the corn waves yellow,
 And the fresh winds blow,—
 And the folk don't care
 If I live or die,
 But I long for air,
 And I wish to fly ? ”
 Yet unable to utter it,
 And too wild to bear,
 They could only mutter it,
 And swear.

VII.

Many a year
 They dwelt in the city,
 In their prisons drear,
 And none felt pity,
 And few were sparing
 Of censure and coldness,
 To hear them swearing
 With such plain boldness ;
 But at last, by the Lord,
 Their noise was stopt,—
 For down on his board
 The tailor dropt,
 And they found him dead,
 And done with snarling,
 And over his head
 Still grumbled the Starling ;
 But when an old Jew
 Claim'd the goods of the tailor,
 And with eye askew
 Eyed they feathery railer.
 And, with a frown
 At the dirt and rust.
 Took the old cage down,
 In a shower of dust,—
 Jack with heart aching,
 For life past bearing,
 And shivering, quaking,
 All hope forsaking,
 Died swearing.

We have quoted only a part of the little thing, but we are quite beside the mark in our criticism, if it be not a real, fresh, thoroughly natural, little poem. “Langley Lane,” is a sweet, little flower, like those we sometimes see in one of the lanes hanging on the skirts of London ; it is the soliloquy, or monody, of a poor blind lad, reciting his love for Fanny, a poor deaf girl.

“Fanny is dumb, and I am blind.”

But,

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
 When it stirs on my palm for the love of me ?
 Do I not know she is pretty and young ?
 Hath not my soul an eye to see ?
 'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
 To wonder how things appear to her,
 That I only hear as they pass around ;
 And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
 And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

"The Scaith o'Bartle," and "The Glamour," are in Mr. Buchanan's wild, Highland, weird, and passionate manner. The first, especially, is a poem by itself, of a high and powerful order; a Scotch idyl of a pair of lads, and how they grew to be men;

God Himself

Planted a wind in both our brains to blow,
Our bodies up and down His calms and storms.

Mr. Buchanan needs no words from us to convey the assurance that he has poetic gifts of the highest order. In two things, however, we would whisper to him the means for greater, and less objectionable, fulfilment; the lowering the tone of strong self-consciousness, a faculty most necessary, and to which, no doubt, among other elements, he greatly owes his present success, but which is powerful usually in the degree in which it is calm and reticent. His dedication to Hepworth Dixon, has much of this objectionable twang, and when some persons read the notices in *The Athenæum* they will be ungenerous enough to remember an old saying "Tickle me Toby, and I'll tickle thee." We are not great admirers of Hepworth Dixon, ourselves, therefore, says Mr. Buchanan, we are "knaves" and "fools;" rather severe measure, Mr. Buchanan. Also some of Mr. Buchanan's words offend good taste; they are even coarse. We will not cite instances, but there are many in this and also in previous volumes. True poet as he is, we ask him to beware of a tendency to coarseness, but we exceedingly admire, and highly appreciate, his genius, revealed as certainly in this,—we will not say with some critics "more"—as in any of his previous volumes.

NICHOLS'S *Series of Commentaries* gives to us with this issue the first instalment of the really valuable, we would say invaluable, and hitherto rare and very highly-priced *Commentary on the whole Epistle to the Hebrews. Being the substance of Thirty Years' Wednesday's Lectures at Blackfriars, London. By that holy and learned divine William Gouge, D.D., and late Pastor there. Before which is prefixed a narrative of his life and death. Vol. I.*—(James Nichol.)—He who has Owen on the Hebrews, may still, with advantage, place by its side Gouge; with the peculiarities of that school of exposition, there is, if sometimes a painful skeletonizing analysis, such copiousness and inclusiveness, that it cannot fail to be eminently useful to all whose task it is to open the gateways of the Word of God.

AND in company with Gouge comes the second portion of the works of another great Puritan father, in the series of *Nichol's Standard Divines; the complete works of Thomas Brooks. Edited, with memoir, by the Rev. Alexander Balloch Grossart, Liverpool. Vol. II.*—(James Nichol.)—This publication is now really magnificent, and the liberality of the publisher most munificent. The appearance of this series now, in binding, the readableness of its type, the efficiency of its editing, are all that can be desired for a place in any library; and a writer, a complete edition of whose works we have long desiderated—what can be said more? Only this—that the Puritan divines, and the commentaries should have a place in furnishing the shelves of all ministers who value their opinions or their method; and we trust those who are too poor themselves to purchase, will receive them at the hands of some well-to-do member of their flock.

VERY truly fulfilling its title and the expectations which may be formed of it, is *One Hundred and Fifty Original Sketches and Plans of Sermons, comprising various series on Special and Peculiar Subjects, adapted for Week-Evening Services, by Jabez Burns, D.D.*—(Richard Dickenson.)—Dr. Burns is a veteran in this kind of work, and this is one of the very best we know for helping lame dogs over a stile. The outlines are very full, and usually the subjects are admirably treated in a simple suggestive manner. Such books we understand to be much needed. We cordially commend this volume to the attention of those who have nothing to draw with, while yet they perceive the well to be deep.

SACRED hours by Living Streams. Popular Expositions of Divine Truth. By the Rev. Robert Kerr.—(Elliot Stock.)—Is the venture into print of one, who seems by the illustrations before us to speak with tenderness, faithfulness, and thoughtfulness; it is a natural thing that a preacher should desire to give, and his people desire to have, in a more permanent form, the words which are otherwise refreshing, as they may be like the waves of a brook when they have gone by. The style of the little book before is quiet and unpretensive. Those who peruse them will find they are spending sacred hours by living streams.

[Nest; a Tale of the Early British Christians, by the Rev. J. Boxer—(Elliot Stock)—we have evidently the writing

of one not well used to this kind of composition. The tale is formed, and all the conversations, too much upon the mould of our prejudices; but it is interesting. Another effort will be more successful, and this will be read by the young with enjoyment. They will recognise little historical incidents interwoven in the texture of the story. It is an attempt to show the pure Christianity of the early British Christians. Nest, a leading character in the tale, is a British name, and signifies chaste as the German Agnes. The author has power to tell a story, and we have no doubt he will enjoyment and profit in relating some other incidents of the widely-interesting events of Church history, which may be made more real and influential through the weavings of the pleasant tapestry of fiction.
